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LIFE AND BATTLES OF DAN. DONNELLY,

ONCE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was for a long time the generally expressed opinion, in the Sporting World, that Donnelly would not show himself in this country: however, in February, 1819, it was thus whispered on the sly, that "The 'big' hero, the pride of Hibernia denominated the Irish Champion, had at length, (according to the gay and game boys of the metropolis,) ventured across the water, and showed himself in England."

It appeared that the lushing crib of Dan had got rather leaky, and no chance remained to put it into proper repair. A screw was also loose; change of air was prescribed—*non est investus* essentially requisite; and, in a "devil may care moment," Dan, with a hurried step, made his way through the streets of Dublin, pushed forward to Ring's End, when he was not long in getting one foot on board of the packet, for England, ho! A glass of whiskey put into his hand, soon bothered all hesitation out of his nob, and it then required but little coaxing to get the other pin upon the deck. At length the cable was slipped, mirth and good humor quite afloat, and Dan full of *spirits*. The pigeon-house soon lost sight of—Dublin Bay, and its surrounding beauties, no longer visible—and the Hill o' Howth (Paddy's landmark) nearly extinct—

Over a drop of good liquor,
That will end the contest quicker
Than either Church or Vicar;

when our hero found himself "half seas over" towards Liverpool, before he had time to reflect upon the hasty voyage he had undertaken, going, as it were, "no one knows whither." However, there was now no retreating. A few "more glasses" made everything pleasant---reflection no longer intruded upon his upper story; and, after the reviving qualities of some forty winks, the light-house broke in upon Dan's ogles, near the Mersey, and the shores of Liverpool gave him a safe deliverance from the briny deep. It was at this sea-port that Carter crossed his path, and picked him up as a brother performer, which gave birth to his adventures in England; as it seems, Dan's original intention was not to visit the Metropolis, but when his affairs were settled to return to Dublin.

Donnelly, it may be recollected by the Sporting World, defeated George Cooper, one of the most scientific and elegant pugilists of the London ring, upon the Curragh of Kildare; and also, at the same place, he claimed the victory over Isle of Wight *Hall*. There was not a trump, nor an out-and-outer upon the coal quay in Dublin (and the mere appearance of some of these rough heroes is enough to appal Old Nick) who had not repented of his temerity in attacking Donnelly.

It was also asserted, that he had floored with ease, all his opponents in Ireland; and, but for the above reasons, Dan would not have left, even for a short time, his tavern near Leinster Market, which was well attended. To the frequenters of his house (the English in particular) he was remarkably civil and attentive. But his tour to this country had not only the advantages of pleasure, but a tiny bit of profit attached to the end of it; and although he declared he had left his darling birthplace behind him, he trusted he should still find a county of tip in England without making a bull of it. Fighting in the prize ring, it seems, was not his intention; but, he said, if any of the spalpeens were after behaving rude to Mrs. Donnelly, he meant, for the honor of Old Ireland, to protect his person, and give them a whack or two into the bargain.

Carter, who is sufficiently well acquainted with the stage to know the advantages of a good bill, (a *gag*,) issued the following placard, on the 19th of Feb. 1819, at Manchester: "Donnelly, the Champion of Ireland, and Carter, the Champion of England, will exhibit together in various combats, the art of self-defence, at the Emporium Rooms." This had the desired effect: an overflowing audience was the result; and at Liverpool they met with greater and repeated encouragement. The above heroes soon afterwards took the road to the Metropolis; and bets were offered that Carter fought twice during the summer, and won both the events. Several wagers were also made in London, respecting the identity of Donnelly; when some of the best judges asserted, that the above personage was not that Donnelly who fought with George Cooper, but what the French term a *nom de guerre*.

Donnelly arrived in London a short time afterwards, and showed himself at the Castle Tavern, and considerable sums of money were lost upon that event. He was not long in feeling the pulse of the English amateurs, and a handbill was issued, announcing sparring between Donnelly, the Champion of Ireland, and Carter. On Friday evening, March 18, 1819, about one hundred of the most respectable class of the amateurs, among whom was a nobleman of high rank, assembled at the Peacock, in Gray's Inn Lane, a large room selected for the purpose. The following description of him occurred at that time. "Donnelly, at length, stripped, amidst bursts of applause. The *beaux de beaux* never underwent a more microscopic scrutiny from the critical eye of the connoisseur, than did the Champion of Ireland from the ogles of the anxious fancy.

In point of frame, he is far from that sort of 'big one' which had been previously anticipated; there is nothing loose or puffy about him; he is strong and bony to all intents and purposes; and it might be said of Donnelly, that he is—all muscle. His arms are long and slingy; his shoulders uncommonly fine, particularly when in action, and prominently indicative of their punishing quality. His nob is also a fighting one; his neck, athletic and bold; in height, nearly six feet; in weight about thirteen stone eight pounds; and the *tout essemble*, a miller, with first-rate qualifications. Thus much for his person. Now, a word or two for his quality. His wind appears to be undebauched. Resolute, firm, and not to be denied; and he maintains his ground upon the same system that Mendoza practised with so much success. Getting away he either disdains, or does not acknowledge this particular trait in his system of tactics. His attitude was not admired; and it was thought, that he leant rather too far back, inclining on his right shoulder. He makes tremendous use of his right hand. Eight rounds were finely and skilfully contested; and Carter, equal to anything on the list for scientific efforts, must be viewed as a most formidable opponent. The difference of style between the two performers attracted considerable attention; produced a great variety of remarks; and drew down peals of applause. Carter, on his legs, possessing all the agility and confidence of an experienced dancing-master; getting away with the utmost sang-froid, walking round and round his opponent to plant a blow, with all the perfections of a professor. Donnelly is not so showy, but dangerous; he is no tapper; nor does he throw any blows away; neither is he to be got at, without encountering mischief. He is, however, awkward; but final judgment cannot be pronounced from his sparring, more especially as he does not profess the use of the gloves. It was a most excellent trial of skill; and the amateurs seemed to devour it with great gout. Carter made some good hits; and Donnelly some strong poinis; and at the end of one round in particular, had it been in the ring, must have been pronounced pepper. The good temper of Donnelly was also noticed; and, impartially speaking, it was a nice point to decide who had the best of it in effect. Carter, without doubt, had all the show of the thing."

In consequence of but few persons having had an opportunity of witnessing Donnelly's talents at the above place, the Minor Theatre was selected on the Thursday following, to give eclat to the performances of the above pugilist. The audience was of the most respectable description; and although the boxes and pit were filled with company rather of a different cast than usually grace those seats, yet they were not wanting in either style or rank. Ben Burns, a boxer of great talent with the gloves (but who does not often exhibit), appeared in opposition to the Irish Champion. It was a set-to of considerable merit; and the science of Burns was much applauded.

Donnelly, dangerous at all times, soon convinced the amateurs of his peculiar *forte*; but it was thought, from the warm-hearted attentions of his countrymen, that he had rather more spirits on board, than cool judgment to regulate his steerage. He, however, showed off in good style, and finished one round in a way that must have been tremendous in the ring. It is still thought he stands rather too backward, leaning from his opponent; but that can only be decided from a practical result. At all events, Donnelly was a great source of attraction. Carter and Donnelly finished the performances: it was a sharp and long set-to upon the whole, and loudly applauded. But a wish was expressed, that Cribb and Donnelly should have been opposed to each other, in order to give the public an opportunity of deciding upon the different sort of tactics pursued by the rival Champions. Cribb was not present, or else there cannot be a doubt but the amateurs would have been gratified in that view.

At Gregson's benefit, at the above theatre, on April 1, 1819, the principal attraction of the day was the announced combat between the two rival Champions, Cribb for England, and Donnelly for Old Ireland. The Irish amateurs were exceedingly numerous; but much disappointment occurred, in consequence of the above event not being realized. Previous to the appearance of the Irish Champion, it was announced by Norton to the audience, that Donnelly had met with an accident, by falling off the Oxford stage coach. Donnelly, however, put on the gloves, and set-to with Carter; but "hoped the spectators would excuse him." It was evident he could not stop with his right arm, which appeared much bruised and swelled; and upon his announcing this circumstance to Carter, the latter in the most friendly style observed, "he must then stop with his head!" This set-to, of course, excited no interest; and on the departure of Donnelly, some slight hissing occurred.

Sutton, the man of color, challenged Donnelly to fight for £50 aside. [Great applause.] Richmond presented himself to the audience on the part of Donnelly, stating---"That the Irish Champion did not come over to England with any intention of entering the Prize Ring." [Disapprobation.] Carter soon followed, and observed that "as Mr. Richmond had only made a half a speech, he would finish it. Mr. Donnelly meant to *insult* [consult] his friends by fighting Sutton." [Roars of laughter.] Sutton again came forward, and said, he would fight Donnelly at five minutes notice for £50, or from £100 to £200 at any given time, in a ring. [Great applause.]

In consequence of some aspersions, or doubts, having been thrown upon the courage of Donnelly, he immediately published the following document, which was designated as the

IRISH CHAMPION'S MANIFESTO TO THE MILLING WORLD.

"At a sparring match, for the benefit of Gregson, on Thursday, the first day of April, Donnelly having met with an accident, he hopes the public will pardon him, if he has not amused the gentlemen present to their satisfaction, but it was his wish to do so. After the set-to between Harmer and Sutton, the latter thought proper to come forward and to challenge any man, and also Donnelly in particular, for £50 or £100. Donnelly, being somewhat a stranger, did not come forward to answer the challenge, until he should first consult his friends, in this country and in Ireland; but he has that confidence in his friends, both here and there, that they will back him. He therefore begs leave to say, that he did not come over to England for the purpose of fighting, but as it appears to be the wish of the gentlemen here to try his mettle, he begs leave further to say, that he will fight any man in England of his weight, from £100 to £500.

"Witness, C. BRENANT
D. DONNELLY."

On the 6th of April, 1819, Randall's benefit took place at the Fives Court. Donnelly had scarcely mounted the stage, when "Cribb, Cribb, Cribb!" was vociferated from all parts of the Court, till Carter made his appearance on the platform ready to commence the combat. The cries of "Cribb!" were now louder, added to hisses, &c., when the Lancashire Hero bowed and retired. Donnelly appeared rather confused, and it escaped from his lips, that "he would not spar at all!" The Champion of England, however, did not appear; and then "Carter, Carter!" was called, but he had also left the Court. In the midst of this confusion Harmer offered himself amidst thunders of applause; and the latter appeared to have the best of it, but the set-to was altogether uninteresting, and Donnelly left off under marks of pain. It ought to have been announced to the Court that Donnelly had got a large tumor upon his right arm near his elbow. The usage to Donnelly was not only rough, but it might be termed, to use a sporting phrase, rather foul! It was very unlike the usual generosity of John Bull towards a stranger—it was not national, but savoured something like prejudice. It had better not have taken place, and such sort of sport had ought not to be exhibited. A clear stage, and fair play, is all that is wanted, either at the Fives Court or in the ring.

At Martin's benefit, at the above Court, on Tuesday, April 20, 1819, Oliver challengened Donnelly for 100 guineas aside; when Randall (Donnelly not being present) mounted the stage, and said he was authorized to accept it on the part of the Irish Champion, who would enter the lists with Oliver, upon that day six weeks, for any sum that might be offered.

Donnelly and Carter took a benefit at the Minor Theatre, on Tuesday, April 27th. Carter and Donnelly were much noticed; and it was by far the best display of science that had taken place between them. The Irish Champion stopped well with his left arm; and, notwithstanding the leariness of Carter, he put in a sharp blow upon the throat of the latter. Carter, it was thought, did not exhibit such good condition as he might have been trained up to, his fight with Spring coming on in a few days; but his activity in hitting, goodness on his legs, getting away with dexterity, and his mode of working round his opponent, were much admired and loudly applauded.

On Tuesday, May 25th, 1819, Donnelly, Cooper, and Carter, opened the above theatre, for the reception of the amateurs, to witness the capabilities of the Irish Champion previous to his going into training.

Spring and Donnelly were received with great applause; and the former boxer displays scientific improvement at every exhibition. Donnelly stopped several hits with great skill; in fact, from his quick mode of getting away, and the sharpness with which he returned upon his opponent, it was pronounced by the amateurs present, that he had either acquired considerable science since his arrival in England, or that he now let peep some good fighting requisites. The latter trait seems to be his real character; as a sparrer he does not show himself off to advantage. It was a manly bout; some facers were given and returned; no nicetics were observed, and it afforded general satisfaction.

Donnelly was at length matched with Oliver, at Dignam's, Red Lion, Haughton street, Clare Market; and for a month before it took place, the character of the subject was thus publicly announced; "The 'tight boys of the sod' are all for Donnelly to the 'back bone!' and in Ireland, it should seem, it is 3 and 4 to 1. In England it is 5 and 6 to 4. Oliver is in the highest state of condition possible, and has trained exceedingly well; report does not speak quite so satisfactorily respecting the Irish Champion. But the chaffing on both sides is, perhaps, all gammon, and only to answer private purposes. Fifty guineas have been offered that Oliver either proves the favorite during the fight, or wins the battle. Five hundred guineas have also been offered, that Oliver does not beat Donnelly in an hour. Several considerable sums have been laid, that Donnelly does not prove the conqueror in half an hour. Oliver is generally denominated slow; but a gamer man is not in existence. Numerous sporting parties are coming from Ireland to witness the event; and upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, it is said, will be decided upon the issue of this contest, in both countries. Donnelly's character is that of a tremendous hitter, no sparrer, but a good boxer."

GREAT "NATIONAL" PUGILISTIC CONTEST

Between Donnelly, the Irish Champion, and Oliver, for 100 Guineas aside, on Wednesday, July 21, 1819, on Crawley Hurst, near Copthorne Common, upwards of 30 miles from London.

The sporting world, in Ireland, were highly interested upon this event; and so warmly, it should seem, did the natives feel upon this subject, that numerous parties arrived in England in order to support and witness the efforts of their avowed Champion, who had not only defeated all his countrymen that had been opposed to him; also in obtaining victories over Hall and Cooper, on the Curragh of Kildare; but they were still anxious for him to obtain "fresh honors" on the plains of Great Britain. The English amateurs viewed him as a powerful opponent; and the boxers, jealous for the reputation of the "Prize Ring," clenched their fists in opposition, whenever his growing fame was chaunted. It thus might be termed a national contest; and great sums of money were sported upon the event in both countries. In Ireland, as might be expected, 5 to 2 was laid without hesitation, from a real knowledge of his capabilities; but in England, where only hearsay evidence was the inducement to make him the favorite, 2 to 1 was confidently betted on his winning. Upon the day previous to the fight, the toddlers were all in a bustle, and brushed off in quite early time into the Monkery to do the thing comfortable on the road whose bustle might be in such a bad state of requisition, as to compel them either to dorse in a barn, or to take a few whifs over a mug of heavy, to get the best of the darkey, where all the dabs were overcharged; or to pass the time away, in listening to the chaffing of some Bonniface in praise of his malt liquid, that might have puzzled the analyzing qualities of a chemist to have found out the real character of the articles in question, from the dashing talents of the landlord. But the pleasures of a mill, to the heroes of the sporting world, rise superior to all difficulties that may present themselves. Notwithstanding the torrents of rain which fell the previous evening, sneezing stampers operated as no drawback to the warm hearted friends of Donnelly, who had some little liking for "a whack for the honor of Ireland," and who padded through it without a sigh or a murmur, so that they could but arrive in time to view their countryman fight and win. Early in the morning of Wednesday, the weather proved equally unpropitious; but the game of the Fancy was not to be disposed of by rain. The string of carriages of every description, reaching near a mile in length, to be seen from the top of the hill above Godstone, looked interesting and pleasing; but some terrible "murmurings" occurred on the scene of action being removed from "Blindlow Common" to Crawley Hurst, without the Beaks interfering, and merely owing, it is said, to the caprice of one or two persons for some trifling cause. The lads were not prepared for this long journey of 62 miles out and in, and many of the Rosinantes were not able to perform it: and day-light peeped the next morning, before several of the kids got to their roosting places. In consequence of the removal of the place, it was two o'clock before the contest commenced. Oliver first threw up his hat in the ring, followed by Cribb and Shelton; and Donnelly, waited upon by Tom Belcher and Randall, entered soon afterwards, and repeated the token of defiance. Donnelly appeared the heaviest man, by about a stone. The contest lasted one hour and ten minutes. Betting 7 to 4; and the green color for Ireland was tied over the blue for England to the stakes, when the battle commenced, as under:—

First Round. The appearance of Donnelly, on stripping, exhibited as fine a picture of the human frame as can well be imagined; indeed, it was expressed, that if Flaxman, the celebrated sculptor, had wished to have selected a living model as a lecture for his students on the beauty of the action of the muscles, a finer subject than Donnelly could not have been found. His legs were firm and well rounded, and his arms slingy and powerful; and the *tout ensemble* indicated prodigious strength. The "idle stories" of his bad training were all silenced, on his putting himself into attitude; and his condition was acknowledged by his friends from Ireland to have been far superior than when he fought with either Hall or Cooper on the Curragh of Kildare. Smiling confidence seemed to sit on his brow; his eye was sharp and penetrating; his face clear and animated; and he commenced the combat quite satisfactorily to himself. Oliver was equally fine; and under the training of Clark (who had waited upon him with the greatest care and attention), it was urged by all present that his flesh was as firm as a rock; and, in fact, that Oliver had never been in such excellent condition before. Such was the state of the combatants, and, upon their shaking hands the current betting was 7 to 4 on Donnelly. The Irish Champion was cool, collected, and nothing hurried in his manner, till upwards of a minute had elapsed in sparring, or rather the pugilists were looking at each other to get a favorable opportunity to let fly. Donnelly made two hits with his left hand, which fell short, in consequence of Oliver's getting away. Long sparring. Oliver made an offer to hit, but Donnelly, on the alert, retreated. More sparring, and dodging each other over the ground, till they got to the ropes in a corner of the ring, when Donnelly hit severely with his left hand; several sharp exchanges occurred, and a sort of reciprocal fibbing took place, till they both went down in a desperate struggle for the throw, Oliver undermost. Five minutes had elapsed. Loud shouting from the "boys of the sod," and "Bravo, Donnelly."

2. Oliver aimed a heavy blow at the body, which Donnelly stopped in good style. Some sharp work occurred again at the ropes; more fibbing was practised, and Oliver again undermost in the throw.

3. Oliver appeared bleeding at the nose and exhibited some symptoms of slight distress from the recent struggle he had undergone. Donnelly made a feeble hit with his right hand, when Shelton exclaimed, laughing, "That's one of Carter's hits!" "Silence," from the Nibs; "no remarks, but attend to your situation." "I wish you felt it," said Donnelly; "you'll see, my boy, by and by, how I'll use it." Oliver took the lead, some heavy blows were exchanged, and when at the ropes, Donnelly was for a short time seen balancing on them, till he extricated himself, and both went down. Loud shouting, and "Well done, Oliver."

4. Donnelly certainly exhibited in this round a new feature in the London Prize Ring. Oliver again pinked at the body, after the manner he fought with Neat, which Donnelly stopped with much skill; but his right hand, which had been hitherto spoken of as "tremendous," he did not make use of; or else Oliver had already given him several opportunities to have exerted it to advantage towards winning. Oliver, however, made a good hit on the bread-basket, when Donnelly's left hand told on his opponent's mug, which staggered him, and he followed Oliver to the ropes. Here some sharp work ensued, and Donnelly made use of his head instead of his fists [which were occupied in holding of Oliver] in bumping his opponent's nob. [Loud shouting, and some disapprobation was expressed at this *nouvelle* mode of nobbing.]

5. Oliver put in a sharp body hit; and some good counter blows were exchanged. The mouth of Donnelly was now claretted, which might be termed the first show of blood. The combatants again got in the corner of the ring, when, by way of a finish to the round, Donnelly cross-buttocked his opponent. "*Erin go bragh.*" from his warm-hearted countrymen; "Go along, my Danny," from his John Bull backers.

6. Cautious on both sides, till Oliver made a chopping right-handed hit on his opponent's nob. In close quarters at the ropes, and after some sharp exchanges, it was urged, by several persons close to the ring, that Donnelly had hit Oliver down from a blow on the body. On reference to the umpires it was not admitted as a "knock down blow," but that Oliver had slipped and fell.

7. Oliver planted a good facer, and laughed at his opponent. He also put in a bodier, and got away. In short, it might fairly be said, he had the best of the round, and Donnelly went down, bleeding. "Go it, Oliver," and great applause.

8. Nothing of passion appeared on the part of Donnelly, which had been urged by his opponents he would exhibit on getting a "nobber or two;" but on the contrary, he was as cool as a cucumber, and as steady as Randall, but he did not show the finishing traits of the Nonpareil. In struggling, both down, Oliver bleeding profusely about the face. It is impossible to pass over a circumstance which occurred in this round, in consequence of some altercation between the seconds. On Donnelly's being down, it is urged, perceiving that Oliver meant to fall upon him, he lifted up his legs with intent to kick Oliver, or to divert him from his purpose. This also excited the various opinions and expressions of "foul, fair."

9. In this round Donnelly received great applause. The men fought into a close, from which Donnelly extricated himself in style, and returned sharply to work, till he had the best on the hitting, and Oliver went down exhausted. The spectators were perfectly convinced that Donnelly was a tremendous hitter with his right hand, when he thought proper to use it. He gave Oliver so hard a blow upon the ribs, that the impression of his knuckles was so strongly imprinted, that it remained visible during the whole of the fight.

10. Oliver stopped a heavy hit of Donnelly's, and laughed. But Donnelly was not irritated at this conduct, and got so much the best of this round, that Oliver was prevented from going heavily down by Shelton's putting out his knee to ease his fall. Belcher very warmly said, "if he acted so foul again, that he would knock a hole in his head;" and Randall also observed, he would give him a "topper". Shelton declared it was an accidental sort of entangling of his legs with Oliver's, and was not done from design.

11. Had Donnelly used his right hand, he must have reduced the battle almost to a certainty in his favor. This was however, a sharp hitting round, till both went down, and Oliver again undermost.

12. Although the fighting on either side had not been termed of the highest order of the art of pugilism, yet the combatants were not insensible to the weight of each other's arms; and, after fighting up to the ropes, they both stood still from weakness, till Donnelly broke away, and made some hits. In again closing, both down, Oliver undermost and much exhausted. Twenty-four minutes had now elapsed.

13. Donnelly, *sans ceremonie*, hit, with his left hand, Oliver on the mouth, which sent him staggering away from the scratch. In the corner of the ring, the struggle was severe indeed to obtain the throw, and Oliver received a heavy blow on the throat, and, as he was hanging on the ropes, balancing as it were, Donnelly lifted up his hands not to hit him. "Very handsome," and "Bravo, Donnelly."

14. For "big ones," more smashing rounds might have been expected. Oliver put in a mugger that made Donnelly stagger a little; but he returned to the attack, till he got Oliver down.

15. Donnelly gave some hits that made Oliver rather reel from his position, and also followed him up with success. At the ropes, some exchanges occurred, till Oliver went down.

16. Oliver made a tremendous blow at the body, which Donnelly stopped well. This was altogether a sharp round, and close in the corner of the ring the struggle was so great, till at length they became so much exhausted, they were nearly falling over the ropes, upon some of the members of the P. C. when the cry was "separate them,"

which was immediately done by the seconds, and the round ended. "Bravo," and "Well done, both."

17. Some heavy hitting occurred on both sides; and Donnelly, on the alert, followed Oliver all over the ring. The latter bled profusely, and, in closing, Donnelly fell with his knees upon Oliver. This circumstance occasioned some loud cries of "foul, fair," &c., by the various partizans; but the umpires did not deem it worthy of notice to interfere.

18. Both down at the ropes; some remarks were made that Donnelly had taken some advantage of the situation over Oliver. The umpire observed, in such close quarters, it was almost impossible to discriminate to a nicety; but, from what he saw, he thought Donnelly had behaved perfectly correct.

19. This was rather a sharp round; in fact, Oliver received so much beating, that in going down he fell upon his face, and Donnelly also fell on his back. "Foul,—fair,—Bravo, Donnelly," and numerous other remarks likely to occur among so large and interested a multitude.

20. This round Donnelly faced his opponent with much dexterity. Oliver's right eye got a severe hit, but he laughed and nodded at his opponent. The left hand of the Irish Champion told severely twice on Oliver's mug, and some exchanges took place till he went down.

21. It was not termed decisive fighting on either side; now and then a sharp hit occurred, till Oliver fell down, and Donnelly upon him.

22. A similar round, and both down.

23. The hitting in this round was rather of a singular description. Both of the combatants made counter hits at the mouth of each other, and the claret sprung out instantly. It was an electrifying shock to both of the men; but it seemed to operate upon Oliver the most. They still kept up the attack, till both went down, and Oliver undermost.

24. This was a fighting round altogether, and the spectators began to be much interested upon the event. Oliver kept hitting and getting away, till he fought into a close. Donnelly broke from it, and the milling was severe till the Irish Champion went down on his knees. Loud shouting, and "Now, Oliver, go to work, my boy, and you can't lose it!"

25. This round was also manfully contested. Donnelly appeared bleeding at the scratch. Oliver put in a bodier and got away; some sharp exchanges took place, till both of the combatants were glad to resort to sparring for wind. In fact, for an instant, they both stood still and looked at each other. Donnelly at length made a hit, and Oliver got away. Both of the combatants soon returned hard to work, when Donnelly again went down from the severity of the milling. Thunders of applause; and Cribb vociferated, "I'll bet a guinea to half a crown." Three to two was offered on Oliver: but 2 to 1 was current betting.

26. Donnelly made a hit, but Oliver stopped it. The latter also put in two nobbers, and got away laughing. This circumstance rather irritated Donnelly, and it was the first instance that he showed passion, by his running furiously after Oliver. Tom warded off the fury of the attack; and he ultimately again sent Donnelly down by his hitting. Another loud shout for Oliver, and 5 to 1 offered. "Oliver will win it," was the general cry; long faces were to be seen—hedging-off was now the order of the day—the hitherto takers of the odds against Oliver, now loudly offered the odds upon the Westminster hero, with the fullest confidence of his proving the victor.

27. Donnelly came up very weak and quite out of wind, but his confidence had not left him, and he hit Oliver a feeble facer with his left hand. In struggling, both down, but Oliver undermost; 50 minutes had elapsed. Donnelly had received some heavy blows about the nob and neck; yet, nevertheless, it is said by his seconds, that he was not distressed from the punishment he had received, but that he had drank too much water, from his feverish state, and was quite blowed. It is most true, that many of his backers changed their situations, and went to different parts of the ring to get their money off; and were quaking for fear that the event would be against them.

28. Great anxiety now prevailed among the partizans of Donnelly. Some hits passed between, but to the advantage of Oliver, when Donnelly went down from the hitting. The odds were now upon Oliver all round the ring; and Donnelly's staunch friends, having no reason to doubt his pluck, took them in numerous instances.

29. The men were both upon their mettle; and this round was pronounced a good one all over the ring. The combatants closed, but broke away. Oliver made a hit upon Donnelly's face, laughed at him, and got away. The Irish Champion, however, got a turn, and with his left hand planted a rum one on Oliver's mouth, that not only sent him staggering away, but almost to be in want of a dentist. Donnelly also received a teaser that made him reel again; sharp exchanges, till Donnelly fell down, and Oliver upon him.

30. One hour had expired, and all bets upon that score were lost. Oliver again bodied his opponent, but he received a staggering hit in return on his mug. Both down, after a good deal of bustling action, and Donnelly undermost. Loud shouting, and "Well done, Oliver."

31. The eye of Donnelly began to resume its former fire---his wind appeared improved, and he rather took the lead in this round. Donnelly hit Oliver down, but also fell from a slip; in fact, from the force of his own blow. "Bravo, Donnelly," and loud applause.

32. The Irish Champion had evidently got round, and, upon Oliver's receiving a hit upon his mouth, that sent him some yards from his position, Randall offered to back Donnelly for £200. After an exchange of hits, Shelton smiled, and said, "It was no more use for Donnelly to hit Oliver, than to exert his strength against a tree, for that Oliver was as hard as iron." "*Nabocleish*," cried a Patlander: "It's all right now, Dan, show your opponent some play." Some sharp hitting, till both resorted to sparring. The men fought into a close, and broke away: the hitting was now so sharp, that Oliver turned round to avoid the heavy punishment with which he was assailed, and fell, and Donnelly also slipped down. "Bravo!" from all parts of the ring. "Well done, Oliver!" "Go along, Donnelly."

33. "Have you not got a right arm?" said Tom Belcher to Donnelly; "we must win it, Dan." The Irish Champion hit Oliver a terrible facer, that sent him away from his ground. "It's all your own," said Randall; "repeat it." Donnelly did so with great force. "That's the way, my boy," echoed Belcher; "another!" Donnelly followed the advice of these excellent tacticians, (and better seconds he could not have, or who exerted themselves more in his cause;) and he gave a third facer, in succession, without receiving any return. After some exchanges passed, Oliver was getting rather feeble, from his struggle in bringing Donnelly down, and he fell upon him with his knee upon his throat. "Do you call that fair?" said Belcher; "if that circumstance had happened on our side, you would have roared out foul for an hour."

34 and last. Oliver hit Donnelly in the body; the latter set-to very spiritedly, and nobbed Oliver; some sharp exchanges occurred, when, in closing, Donnelly put in a dreadful hit under Oliver's ear, and also cross-buttocked him. Oliver, when picked up and put on his second's knee, was insensible, and his head hung upon his shoulders as if it had been dislocated. "Time, time," was called, but the brave, the game, the unfortunate Oliver heard not the sound, and victory was of course declared in favor of Donnelly. The latter walked out of the ring, amidst shouts of applause, the result attendant upon victory, arm-in-arm with Belcher and Randall, to an adjoining farm house, where he was put to bed for a short period, and bled. Oliver did not recover his sensibility for some minutes; when he was also brought to the same house, bled, and put to bed in the next room to Donnelly. The latter expressed great feeling and uneasiness for fear anything serious should arise to Oliver; but when he was informed it was all right, he was as cheerful as if he had not been fighting at all. The Irish Champion dressed himself immediately; and, strange to say, that Oliver, in the course of half an hour, also recovered, and put his clothes on, lamenting "that he had lost the battle under such an unfortunate circumstance, as he was then able to fight an hour." Oliver and Donnelly then shook hands, and drank each other's health; when the latter then went into a wagon to see the fight between Lashbrooke and Dowd, and left the ground, in a barouche and four, to sleep at Riddlesdown, the place where he trained at, and arrived the next morning at Mr. Dignam's, the Red Lion, Houghton street, Clare Market. Oliver also arrived in town the same day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pigeon Shooting.

GREAT PIGEON MATCH BETWEEN MR. EDWIN WOOD OF MANCHESTER, AND MR. JAMES WOOD OF HUDDERSFIELD, YORKSHIRE.

The gentlemen above named have attained some notoriety in their respective localities, each being celebrated as a most admirable shot, and hence great interest was manifested as soon as it became publicly known that a match had been agreed upon between them. Of Mr. Edwin Wood we may say—before noticing his present engagement—that he has proved himself an adept in the use of the trigger, and we remember many contests with which he has been connected; for instance, a few months ago, he shot a match with Mr. Robert Seed, of Preston (two days at the last named towns and the concluding two days at Bellevue), for £200 a side, on which occasion, though Mr. Seed won, he found in Mr. E. Wood a close competitor, the contest, if our memory serves us aright, being lost by the gentleman just named by two birds. Subsequently to the above event, we attended a match in which he was engaged at Barking-road, his opponent then being Mr. Thomas Young of London, and though Mr. Young there achieved the victory, Mr. Wood surpassed him on the two succeeding days at Sterford, and of that, too, we were witnesses. Since then Mr. Wood cannot, certainly, have failed for want of practice, insomuch as we are fully aware that he shot a good contest at Failsworth a short time ago, and it is patent to the public that he tried Mr. Stead of Ashton, as to which should claim the first prize in the Grey Pigeon Sweepstakes, which were decided at Bellevue in Christmas week, on which occasion an agreeable and satisfactory arrangement was entered into between them. As to Mr. James Wood of Huddersfield (not coming so often in contact with him) we cannot so easily venture to give a list of his achievements, but we feel bound to speak of his skill in terms of high eulogium, for he levels his gun with a deadly aim. We must now proceed, without further prefatce, to particularise. The event, then was agreed upon (though it took some time to make arrangements) between Mr. Edwin Wood of Manchester and Mr. Jas. Wood of Huddersfield, to shoot at 25 pigeons each, 21 yards rise, 60 boundary, single-barrelled guns, and 1¼ oz. shot, Mr. E. Wood staking £60 to Mr. J. Wood's 350. The condition for the first day fixed the contest to take place on the farm of Mr. Septimus Lambert, closely adjoining to Stretford Race Course (the ground upon which sports are decided) and to be concluded on the Thursday at the Navigation Inn, Hunderfield. A charge of 6d. each was made for admission to the ground at Stretford, and about 300 were present, of which Yorkshire furnished its fair proportion, the small attendance, in some degree, being attributable to the Spring Meeting at Newton taking place on the same day. The weather was favorable for the sport. The umpires were Mr. Etchells of Dalton, near Huddersfield (on behalf of Mr. J. Wood), and Mr. James Robinson of Newton Heath was selected for Mr. Edwin Wood. These gentlemen having retired, selected a referee, the lot falling upon an "old stager," Mr. Marland of Denton, and betting then commenced, the odds of £25 to £30 being freely offered on the Manchester man as heading the score of the day, and before the first shot was fired £30 to £20. Two traps were used, and for introducing these Mr. Bang of London, we believe, claims the original idea; after 2 birds are placed, a toss decides out of which trap the bird is to come, and hence it cannot fail of being fair. We are glad to hear our Yorkshire friends express their approbation of the improvement. The birds provided by Mr. W. Redfern, of Manchester, were the best blue rocks, and both the competitors expressed admiration of their excellent quality; this remark is justified by only one being refused, that being Mr. Wood's (of Huddersfield) 10th. The conditions, as we have already stated, fixed 60 yards boundary—a distance to which Mr. Wood, of Huddersfield, is accustomed, but too limited, we fear, for his namesake of Manchester—notwithstanding that the latter assumes the superiority by staking £60 to £50. The contest commenced at ten minutes to two o'clock on Wednesday. Mr. Edwin Wood, of Manchester, shot at the first bird, and missed, as also his 3d, 4th, 5th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 22d, and 24th—leaving his total score of the day at Stretford, 16. Mr. Wood, of Huddersfield, missed his 6th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 18th, and 22d—thus bringing down 18 of his pigeons. J. Wood, of Huddersfield, 18; E. Wood, of Manchester, 16—majority in favor of Mr. Wood, of Huddersfield, 2. The contest at Stretford concluded at five minutes past three.

THURSDAY.---The concluding portion of the above important match was, in accordance with agreement, fixed to take place at Huddersfield, Yorkshire, this afternoon; and as soon as it became known that Mr. J. Wood, of that town, was 2 birds ahead of his Manchester opponent, great interest was manifested as to the result. The Huddersfield Cricket Ground had been taken for the purpose, and 6d was here charged for admission; but that plot of land is by no means well adapted for pigeon shooting, nor for the use of the bat and wicket, it being hilly. So great was the anxiety felt by the inhabitants of the town of Huddersfield, the celebrity of each gentlemen being well known, that on a moderate computation, there could not have been less than 2,000 spectators! In fact, the contest may be styled "Lancashire v. Yorkshire" at pigeon shooting. A sharp frost had prevailed during the preceding night, as the hills and vales through which we proceeded gave abundant evidence, but the sun broke out, and the day throughout was beautifully fine. With respect to the match, we may say that Marland of Denton filled the office of referee (the same gentleman who officiated at Stretford,) but Mr. Wright of Manchester was substituted for Mr. Robinson of Newton Heath as one of the umpires. The betting was chiefly confined to the shooting of the day---as to which would head the score---but as is usual in matches of this description, the greatest amount of money changed hands on the respective single shots. At twenty-five minutes past two o'clock, Mr. E. Wood of Manchester fired the first shot, and that, too, successfully—and was very shortly followed by his Yorkshire opponent, and the following is the score:—

	Wednesday.	Thursday.
Mr. J. Wood	18	15
Mr. E. Wood	16	15

Majority for Mr. James Wood 2

With respect to the contest, we may add that the very best feeling has been exhibited throughout. The pigeons, supplied by Mr. Redfern of Manchester, were highly approved of, even by the spectators, and Mr. E. Wood was not slow to admit that he had suffered a defeat; still, every one must admit that he is an excellent shot. We must say, in conclusion, that we deprecate the remarks of several of the bystanders (and we are fully satisfied that Mr. Wood of Huddersfield shares the opinion), such, for instance, as when the Manchester gentleman missed a bird, he was hailed by shouts of "Bravo, Lanky," in allusion, we presume, to his native county. This excepted, we feel bound to express our unqualified approbation of the spirit which has been exhibited throughout, as there is nothing for which we entertain a higher regard than fair and honorable rivalry in sport, of whatever nature it may be.—*Bell's Life, Jan. 29.*

☞ "What is shew bread, aunt?" asked Ike, who was reading the Bible consecutively, and tearing out the leaves as he went along, so as not to loose the place; "what is shew bread?" "Why, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, "shew bread is that what the people earn by making shoes. There is plenty of it in Lynn."

☞ The following story is told of a celebrated Maine Law lecturer: He was asked if he believed our Saviour turned water into wine? He replied, after a moment's reflection, "he did; but he did not think Jesus Christ would have performed that miracle, had he foreseen what a handle would be made of it?"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

WRESTLING.

The Oldest Sport on Record.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

As theis species of sport has excited an unusual degree of interest of late, we have concluded to devote a portion of our paper to a series of articles taken from an old work, and which we have no doubt will be read with much pleasure and instruction by those fond of sporting matters.

In the course of the publication of these articles, reports of some of the best wrestling matches that ever took place will be fully recorded, and much information in reference to this old sport will also be given. Those who desire to have the entire work would do well to secure copies of the Clipper early, as we cannot print a second edition. The complete work will occupy about six numbers of our paper.

The first account we have of Wrestling, according to Mr. Litt, in his Wrestliana, places it, in point of antiquity and respectability, not only the first, but infinitely superior to any other amusement at present prevalent in the whole world. For the truth of this assertion, we quote no anoymous author, whose authenticity might be well disputed! No! the precedent we will quote was even anterior to such writers as we have described. It is one which no Christian can, or will, dispute:—it is to be found in that Book which treats of the creation of man, and the beginning of the world; authenticated by divine command, and written by that sacred and inspired historian—even Moses himself!

We find in the 32d chapter of Genesis that Jacob having passed his family over the brook Jabbok, was left alone. In its history of events at this period of the world, with a brevity commensurate with its high importance, the Bible only relates those particular occurrences which refer to some covenant, or promise, then made, renewed, or fulfilled. It narrates facts, without commenting upon them. Therefore, although Jacob's wrestling with the Angel was too remarkable an incident to be omitted, yet we are not told in what manner he came, nor of any preliminary conversation, or agreement between them. It however appears very evident, that, until the Angel manifested his miraculous power, Jacob believed he was a mere mortal like himself and on whichever side the proposal originated, it was acceded to by the other either as a circumstance not unusual, or as an amicable amusement, which might be practised without the least infringement or cordiality.

It is a common and received proverb, that "A man is known by his works, and a Tree by its fruits." Here then is an amusement peculiarly chosen not only by one of the best of Men, but by one better and greater than any man:—and if to give *strength* and *firmness*, combined with *quickness* and *elasticity* of the Limbs; *discrimination* and *vigour* to the Body; coolness to the Head, and *perception* to the Mind: the whole forming an energic combination of the whole power given to Man! no exercise could have been selected tending more to exalt his character, and from which such typical illustrations could have been deduced from his spritual advantage. Here then we take our stand.—Advocates for any other diversion, be it whatever it may, can you produce an origin, either so ancient or so honorable?

Having proved the existence of this amusement at so remote an era, it would be neither necessary nor important to trace the practice of this art through that period of time which intervenes from the time of Jacob to the formation of the Grecian Republics. The blindness and wilful transgressions of the Jews, and the barbarous ignorance of those nations whom God permitted to chastise them, render their exercises a matter of neither curiosity nor utility. But when Greece, emerging from obscurity and ignorance, began to take the lead in civilization, in military knowledge, and in the cultivation of learning and sciences: the utility of public games, not only to infuse a generous and martial spirit into the minds of the young men, but to improve their bodily strength, was too apparent to be neglected. Accordingly we find these athletic exercises not only practised and encouraged in each particular state, but the highest honors and rewards bestowed on the victors at the Olympic, Nemean, and other games, where prizes were awarded, and contended for before the whole nation.

The influence of these sports in advancing Greece from a few petty states, not equal in extent of territory to one half of England alone, into the most powerful kingdom at that time in the world, is universally acknowledged by all historians and commentators who have ever treated of the subject. And it is singular to remark, that while the fact is admitted by all modern legislators, few or none have recommended an imitation of them.

It is strange that Homer, who was perhaps the grandest poet that ever lived, and who himself had often witnessed the celebration of these games, has given us so confused and even incomprehensible an account of the wrestling at the funeral of Patroclus (though many years antecedent to his time,) between Telamon Ajax, the strongest, and Ulysses, the wisest man in the Grecian army. Its translation, by Pope, is as follows:

"The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands;
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose,
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands;
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt,
Below their planted feet, at distance fixt;
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends,
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumors rise;
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground!
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe;
While the long strife e'en tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.
"He said, and straining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength, that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle struck—the giant fell supine;
Ulysses following on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied,
And grapling close they tumble side by side."

This account seems as ridiculous as it is incomprehensible to a modern wrestler: ridiculous! in regard to the duration of the contest, and the strange proposition of Ajax; and incomprehensible as it appears, Ulysses was the winner of the first fall; and the second was a disputed, or what is vulgarly termed a dog-fall. One thing, however, seems clear enough to us—that it was a bad wrestle; and though we imagine neither gained much 'honor' by the struggle, both were sufficiently 'rewarded' for it.

It appears, that in the celebrated interview between Henry the Eighth of England, and the French King, Francis, which exceeded in magnificence and splendor any spectacle of modern times, wrestling was deemed the most manly and entertaining amusement then exhibited in the presense of these two mighty monarchs, and their courts. A grand national and scientific display of this athletic art took place between a number of champions selected from both nations, in which our countrymen were victorious. However, one mortified French historian pretends their king left better wrestlers at home than those who accompanied him; and by way of redeeming the defeat of his countrymen, asserts that Francis himself was a most excellent wrestler, and in a contest between the two rival monarchs threw Henry with great violence.

Antecedently to this period, wrestling was a favorite amusement, as well among the nobility as the yeomanry and inferior classes; the prize varying according to the rank of the combatants. At some particular times and places there appears to have been some acknowledged and customary prize—this as usually a ram and a ring. Thus in Coke's tale of Gamelyn, ascribed to Chauser:

There happed to be there beside
Tryed a wrestling;
And theretore there was y-setten
A ram and als a ring.

And likewise at a still earlier period we see in Ritson's Robin Hood:—

——By a bridge was a wrastling
And there taryed was he;
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west countrey.
A full fayre game there was set up,
A white bull up y-pight,
A great courser with saddle and brydle
With gold burnished full bryght;
A payre of gloves, a red golde ringe,
A pipe of wyne good fay:
What man bereth him best I wis,
The prize shall bear away.

In which the prize was still greater; being a white courser, well accoutred, a pair of gloves, a gold ring and a pipe of wine.

It is a rather remarkable coincidence that our modern Homer should have given nearly as lame an account of wrestling matches as his mighty predecessor. Thus we see in the fifth canto of the Lady of the Lake, the following account of one:—

"Now clear the ring, for hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor called in vain, for Douglas came.
For life is Hugh of Larbert lame,
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
Prize of the wrestling match, the king
To Douglas gave a golden ring."

In the first couplet, the method, viz., "hand to hand," seems introduced solely for the purpose of getting on: and certainly it is not calculated to produce the dreadful consequences that ensue. In the second, all order is violated by the two last standers, instead of contesting the last fall, calling out for fresh men! nor are the remaining cuplets less faulty in regard to Douglas's treatment of his opponents, in the immense superiority of strength ascribed to him. The match between Bothwell and Burley, in the Scottish novels, is likewise one of the worst things in the whole series. It would have much gratified us, if a writer whom we so highly value, had given us some better accounts of such contests, however cursorily introduced. But alas! the baronet is probably no wrestler; and truly we are sorry for it.

We are likewise equally mortified to remark that the immortal Bard of Avon, in his comedy of "As You Like It," although he has combined in Orlando rank, character and wrestling, tells us a pitiful, but dreadful and improbable story, concerning it. The justly celebrated James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. has, in his Tales, occasionally introduced wrestling. And although we confess we do not exactly comprehend the fatality of Geordie Cochrane's heel-chip, yet we certainly think the wrestling between Polmood and Carmichael by far the best illustration of the art, either of ancient or modern date we have met with: we will offer no appology for extracting it for the gratification of such of our readers as are not in the habit of perusing books of that description.

"Sixteen then stripped themeslves to try their skill in wrestling, and it having been enacted as a law, that he who won in any one contest was obliged to begin the next: Polmood was of course one of the number. They all engaged at once by two and two, and eight of them having been consequently overthrown, the other eight next engaged by two and two, and four of these being cast, two couples only remained.

"Some of the nobles engaged were so expert at the exercise, and opposed to others so equal in strength and agility, that the contests were exceedingly equal and amusing. Some of them could not be cast until completely out of breath. It had always been observed, however, that Polmood and Carmichael threw their opponents with so much ease, that it appeared doubtful whether these opponents were serious in their exertions, or only making a sham wrestle; but when it turned out that they two stood the last, all were convinced that they were superior to the rest either in strength or skill. This was the last prize on the field, and on the last throw for that prize the victory of the day depended, which each of the two champions was alike vehemently bent to reave from the grasp of the other. They eyed each other with looks askance, and with visible tokens of jealousy, rested for a minute or two, wiped their brows, and then closed. Carmichael was extremely hard to please of his hold, and caused his antagonist to lose his grasp three or four times, and change his position. Polmood was, however, highly complaisant, although it appeared to every one beside that Carmichael meant to take him at a disadvantage. At length they fell quiet, set their joints steadily, and began to move in a circular direction, watching each other's motions with great care. Carmichael ventured the first trip, and struck Polmood on the left heel with considerable dexterity. It never moved him, but in returning it he forced in Carmichael's back with such a squeeze that the bystanders affirmed they heard his ribs crash, whipped him lightly up in his arms and threw him upon the ground with great violence, but seemingly with as much ease as if he had been a boy. The ladies screamed, and even the rest of the nobles doubted if the knight would rise again. He however jumped lightly up, and pretended to smile, but the words he uttered were scarcely articulate; his feelings at that moment may be better conceived than expressed. A squire who waited the king's commands then proclaimed Norman Hunter of Polmood, the victor of the day, and consequently entitled, in all sporting parties, to take his place next to the king, until by other competitors deprived of that prerogative."

Although this account may not have much fact to recommend it, yet it was nevertheless apparent Mr. Hogg was conscious the practice was not uncommon among the Scottish nobility at that period; and that this was the case, might easily be proved by indisputable authority. At this period it is worthy of remark, few discoveries of distant countries had taken place; and consequently the great landed proprietors spent much more of their time in their own countries, and on their own estates. But no sooner had that ceased to be the case, than degeneracy and effiminacy crept in apace; and those exercises in which it had been the pride of their ancestors to excel, ceased: and from that time, few above the rank of yeomen chose to exhibit in a ring, either for their own pleasure, or that of others.

But we are now arrived at that period when the attention of most of the European nations, and particularly England, began to be as much directed to new discoveries, and consequent settlements abroad; as to the internal prosperity of the Mother Countries. This no doubt had its due effect upon the manners, customs, and amusements of the people. The immense acquisitions in America, and in Eastern and Western India, added to the great improvements in the art of gunnery, which rendered nugatory all previous modes of warfare, alike contributed to hasten the downfall of all athletic exercises among the higher ranks. The art of war became a more complicated science—gunnery, engineering, fortification, and all the minutia of tactics attendant on these studies, became of proportionately more importance to men of rank, either in the civil or military departments, than those exercises calculated to promote the display of personal strength, valor, or activity.

In the proudest days of chivalry, no exercise was so well adapted to enable King, lord, or knight, to excel in tilt or tournament, as wrestling: as in it were combined, dexterity in personally coping with an antagonist, and the power of acquiring bodily vigor and stamina, so requisite for enabling the combatant to endure a protracted contest without detriment. But the days of chivalry are gone—tilt or tournament is no more—the listed ring no longer boasts of patrician exhibitions! but still within it we view all the remains of that chivalric spirit, which has distinguished the most celebrated conquerors in all ages;—for, according to one of our justly esteemed writers, had he been placed by Providence in a different station,

"He that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green."

And we will venture to mention, that it is to that generous spirit of emulation which animates the wrestler to acquire celebrity in the ring, that we are indebted for the victories of Agincourt, Trafalgar, Waterloo, &c. There are many who will argue that athletic sports have no direct tendency to inspire additional confidence and courage in the breast of the soldier on the day of battle; but we confidently aver, that all who assert this, speak without due consideration—for that such exercises will have their due effect even in the present mode of warfare, let us suppose the following case:—Let one individual, or any certain number of the most courageous men, be selected from the bravest regiment in Great Britain, let them all possess hearts that never knew fear, and bring them to the charge against the same number of men, equally disciplined, and all expert wrestlers, and what would be the unavoidable result? Might not one party say, I have only to parry the first onset of my antagonist, and close with him, and then victory is certain? I can in a moment dash him to the ground, and either kill or take him prisoner at my pleasure. Would not the other naturally observe, this is not a fair contest, there are fearful odds against me? I meet a man whose sinews have gained additional strength by practising athletic exercises. If I charge him freely, a parry will enable him to close with me, and then I am inevitably gone. When men fight under these impressions the result cannot be doubtful. Again, are not the English superior to any other nation in the junction of active and passive courage, and is it not a fact that, the French, during the late war, frequently charged the troops of all the continental nations with whom they were engaged, with the bayonet; while they scarcely ever ventured to cross one with ours? will any man imagine this had not some influence in regulating the tactics of the contending armies? In even a distant engagement under a heavy fire the British soldier might exclaim, "Notwithstanding they gall us now, they dare not stand our bayonets!" Supposing the case had been exactly *vice versa*, and they had had to observe, "We must endure this or run away, for we dare not come in close contact with them." Whether of these considerations, let me ask, is better calculated to infuse courage, and inspire with hopes of victory, the boldest men on earth? The answer is too obvious to any man of common sense to require insertion. In the battle of Waterloo, the success of our cavalry, when opposed to the French cuirassiers, a body of men confident in themselves, and of invincible courage, was principally occasioned by their superiority in the use of the sword, arising from the universal adoption of learning the proper use or science of the stick. This practice owed its introduction to the circumstance of an Irish peasant thrashing with that weapon some of the best men in a celebrated regiment of horse, then quartered in the north of Ireland; and it would be absurd to suppose that superiority will not have its due effect in all future cavalry engagements.

As a proof that the practice of athletic exercises is not confined to this kingdom, or even to Europe, we quote the following account of an entertainment given in the island of Tongataboo, to Captain Cook in his third voyage to the Pacific Ocean:—

"While the natives were in expectation of this evening exhibition, they engaged, for the greatest part of the afternoon, in wrestling and boxing. When a person is desirous of wrestling, he gives a challenge by crossing the ground in a kind of measured pace, and clapping smartly on the elbow joint of one arm, which is bent and sends forth a hollow sound. If no opponent steps forth, he returns and sits down; but, if an antagonist appear, they meet with marks of the greatest good nature, generally smiling, and deliberately adjusting the piece of cloth that is fastened round the waist. They then lay hold of each other by this cloth, and he who succeeds in drawing his opponent to him, instantly endeavors to lift him on his breast, and throw him on his back, and if he can turn round with him in that position, two or three times before he throws him, he meets with great applause for his dexterity. If they are more equally matched, they quickly close, and attempt to throw each other by entwining their legs, or raising each other from the ground; in which struggles they display an extraordinary exertion of strength. When one is thrown, he immediately retires, while the conqueror sits down for a minute, then rises, and goes to the side from which he came, where the victory is proclaimed aloud. After sitting for a short time, he rises again and challenges; and if several antagonists appear, he has the privilege of choosing which of them he pleases to engage with: he may also, if he should throw his competitor, challenge again, till he himself is vanquished; and then the people on the opposite side chaunt the song of victory in favor of their champion. It frequently happens, that five or six rise from each side, and give challenges together, so that it is not unusual to see several sets engaged on the field at the same time. They preserve great temper in this exercise, and leave the spot without the least displeasure in their countenances. When they find that they are too equally matched, they desist by mutual consent, and if it does not clearly appear which of them has had the advantage, both sides proclaim the victory, and then they engage again. But no one, who has been vanquished, is permitted to engage a second time with the conqueror.

"Those who intend to box advance sideways, changing the side at every pace, having one arm stretched out before, the other behind; and holding in one hand a piece of cord, which they wrap closely about it, when they meet with an opponent. This is probably intended to prevent a dislocation of the hands or fingers. Their blows are dealt out with great quickness and activity, and are aimed principally at the head. They box equally well with either hand. One of their most dexterous blows is, to turn round on the heel, just after they have struck their adversary, and to give him another pretty violent blow with the other hand backwards. In boxing matches, unless a person strikes his antagonist to the ground, they never sing the song of victory; which shows that this diversion is less approved among them than wrestling. Not only boys engage in both these amusements; but it not unfrequently happens, that little girls box with great obstinacy. On all these occasions, they do not consider it as any disgrace to be overcome; and the vanquished person sits down with as much indifference as if he had never been engaged. Some of our people contended with them in both exercises, but were generally worsted."

It does not seem reasonable that Captain Cook's men should have proved equal to these Islanders in exercises which require practice to become expert in; and probably not one of his crew was either a scientific wrestler or boxer. Had that been the case, notwithstanding their different mode of procuring hold, we have no doubt the result would have been in this instance, what it always has been, when British prowess has fairly and equally been brought into action; nor would the superiority of a Belcher or a Cribb have been more conspicuous over these good natured Islanders, in the use of their fists, than the science of a Nicholson or a Richardson in vanquishing, even in their own manner of wrestling, the whole of their heroes in rotation. From the preference given to wrestling, it is evident the natives of Tongataboo considered it as the less hurtful and dangerous to the combatants; and affording equal, if not superior scope for the display of personal address, activity, and quickness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BATTLE
BETWEEN
Freeman, the American Giant,
AND
The Tipton Slasher.

The first battle between the above named big 'uns took place on the 14th of December, 1842. They commenced fighting at 7 minutes after 4, and fought 70 rounds in 84 minutes, with about equal advantage, when it became so dark that the referee interfered, and the fight was adjourned to Thursday, Dec. 16. On the 16th they were interfered with by the Police, and the fight was again adjourned to Dec. 20. The following particulars of the battle we take from Bell's Life, of that date:—

The adjourned fight between the Giant and the Slasher came off on the 20th of December, at a place called Cliffe Marshes, about six miles below Gravesend, in the county of Kent.

All the requisite preliminaries having been arranged, *peeling* commenced. Freeman assisted by Ben Caunt and King Dick, and Perry by Ben Terry and Young Broome.

On stripping, it was obvious that Freeman had increased in bulk as well as personal confidence, and weighed at least 18 1-2 stone, a proof that his training exertions, from the interruptions which had taken place, had not been performed with foregone activity.

The Slasher looked thinner, and was rather paler than at the first trial, but he had lost none of the dare devil expression for which his countenance is distinguished.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. At thirteen minutes past twelve precisely, the men were conducted to the scratch, shook hands, and threw themselves into position. The towering height and great bulk of Freeman presenting the same fearful odds before described. The Slasher dodged round his man, waiting for an opening, but he found the Giant ready to hit with him, and he had already felt the weight of his feelers, with sufficient force to have the prudence of keeping at a distance The Slasher tried his left and right, but was out of distance. The Giant followed him in his pirouettes, and at last getting close, hit out left and right, the former passed over the Slasher's head, but the latter caught him slightly on the nut, and the Slasher went down.

2. The Slasher again cautious and a la distance. Freeman followed his dodging manœuvres, and at last rushed in to him, but the Slasher in getting away fell without being struck, and got up laughing.

3. The Slasher got near to his man, and let out with the left at the nob, but did not get home. Trifling exchanges with the left, the Slasher retreating. Freeman at him left and right, when the Slasher tumbled down, no mischief done.

4. After renewed dodging, the Slasher made up for mischief, feinted once or twice, and hit out hard with his left. This brought them to a rally, in which favors were exchanged, and Slasher catching it on the nozzle, showed the first blood. After some wild fighting, in which hits were exchanged, the Slasher was down.

5. Slasher cautious, and getting away from the Giant; he at last steadied himself and counter hits with the left were exchanged. The Giant followed up his man to the corner, but missed his left and right, and Slasher got down.

6. Counter hits with the left, but no sting in them. The Giant hit out well with his right, but the Slasher dodged and got away. The Slasher was short with his left and right. and again got away. He returned to the charge, and caught Freeman slightly on the body with his left. Freeman returned the compliment on the temple, but it was more of a shove than a blow. Slasher hit short with his left, ducked, and got away laughing. The Giant steadied himself, waited for the attack, stopped the Slasher's left, and caught him a stinger on the left ear with his right. The Slasher scrambled down.

7. The Slasher planted his left on the Giant's shoulder, and got away; the Giant after him, and after exchanging left and right out of distance, the Slasher got down.

8. Pretty exchanges left and right and flush marks left. The Slasher tried at the body with his left, stopped and got away. The Giant pursued him, hitting wildly left and right. He at last caught him in his arms and chopped him on his head several times with his right, but without administering any serious punishment. The Slasher slipped down to avoid further punishment.

9. The Slasher tried his left, was short, and got away. The Giant followed him, as he dodged round the ring, but his blows did not reach their destination. After a wild scrambling rally, the Slasher got down. There was a want of precision in Freeman's deliveries, which forbade the hope of execution.

10. The Slasher dropped a heavy smack on the Giant's ivories with his left, which coming in contact with his teeth, inflicted a wound on his own finger, that bled profusely. He tried it again, but was short, as was the Giant in his attempt to return, and the Slasher fell on his knees.

11. The Giant's mouth showed the effect of the blow in the last round; his lips were swollen a little, and a tinge of blood was perceptible. The Slasher led off left and right; the former on the ribs, the latter on the shoulder, and rushing in after a struggle, went down on his knees.

12. The Slasher came up laughing, the Giant looked serious; counter hits with the left. The Slasher dodged, and retreated toward the ropes; the Giant followed him impetuously and missed his one two. The Slasher dropped, looked up and laughed.

13. The Slasher hit opened handed and retreated; he then tried to drop his left on the Giant's dial, but his hand went over his shoulders; he then retreated, but finding the Giant rushing in for mischief, he dropped. Cries of "foul," but the umpires did not interfere.

14. The Slasher got home with his left and dropped on the Giant's jaw. The Giant returned the compliment on the cheek and ear, right and left, when the Slasher went down. It scarcely could be called a knock down blow.

15. The Slasher led off and popped his left on the Giant's mouth. The Giant after him, and caught him heavily with his right on the ear, which became seriously swollen. A rally, in which there were some heavy hits exchanged, and in the close the Slasher got down.

16. The Slasher as usual commenced hitting out left and right, but did no execution, his blows being wide of their mark. Freeman at him left and right, but the deliveries were not effective. The Slasher down.

17. Freeman popped a heavy smack with his right on the Slasher's neck. The Slasher, stung, rushed in wildly. The Giant steadied himself, hit out well with his fist, and the Slasher dropped.

18. The Slasher made play right and left, was short, and went down. His second was observed rubbing his neck, and there was a little of the doldrum appearance in his phiz.

19. The Slasher hit short and only reached Freeman's shoulder with his right. He then fought on the retreat to the corner, where he got down.

20. The Slasher showed symptoms of blowing. He led off in his own wild way, evidently afraid of the return, and, on the Giant bringing out right and left, he went down.

21. The Slasher short with his left, and caught it heavily from the Giant's on the ear; trifling exchanges and the Slasher down.

22. The Slasher again short in his deliveries. The Giant nailed him left and right, but not with much severity; then seizing him in his arms and flaxing him down, walking contemptuously to his corner.

23, 24, 25 and 26. Scrambling work, and the Slasher down in every round.

27. The injury to the Slasher's left hand appeared to increase, but in this and the two following rounds no injury was done, and he invariably dropped grinning.

28. A wild scrambling round, in which there was no precision on either side—the Slasher slipped down, but was up again and renewed the round. After a scrambling rally, Slasher again down, and slipped completely under the Giant's fork, at whom he looked up and grinned.

29. The Slasher hit short left and right, and threw himself down with a whop, to avoid punishment. Freeman laughed, but seemed to predicate that it was intended to made him strike foul.

30. The Slasher succeeded in planting a left-handed chopper on the Giant's pimple, and got away. The Giant dashed after him, hitting left and right, and then endeavored to seize him, but the Slasher got away and fell.

31—34. The fighting wild and undecisive; in the last round, the Giant hit the Slasher down-- but it struck us as rather a push than a blow.

35. The Giant in left and right---the Slasher retreated---the Giant after him, but it was no go---he let fly right and left, and then went down.

36. Freeman led off, but was short and wild, and did not reach his man. Slasher popped in his right on the Giant's shoulder, and, in getting away, went down.

37 and last. Freeman ready---when the Slasher rushed to close quarters, struck him on the shoulder with his right, but on the Giant attempting to return, he went down without a blow.

A call was made by the seconds of Freeman on the umpires, who disagreed, and on appealing to the referee, he pronounced *foul*; and no doubt, had a similar appeal been made to him before, he would have given a like decision.

The Giant was immediately proclaimed the winner, and was then taken out of the ring after fighting thirty-nine minutes.

The Slasher came up again "as fresh as paint," and evidently but little injured by the contest. His left ear alone showed serious marks of punishment, and that was much swollen and filled with coagulated blood.

The finger of his right hand was likewise cut; but the contusions on his index were few and of trifling consequence. He seemed anxious to renew the contest, and denied that he had fallen purposely. The judgment had been pronounced, however, and there was no recalling it.

Johnny Broome was evidently mortified, and offered to put down a score for the Slasher to fight Ben Caunt, "then and there," but Spring said such a proposition savored too much of folly and passion, but said Caunt was ready to fight any man in England for 100 to 500 pounds, and that the money was ready at his house any time.

Prize Fight in the Olden Time,

BETWEEN AN AMERICAN AND BRITISH SOLDIER.

The following particulars of a prize fight between an American and English soldier are furnished us by a correspondent as told to him by an eye-witnes:

It was while the American army were encamped in the Highlands, and the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, near Harlem, that the following event took place.

Among the many rude—almost savage—men that belonged to the American army, there was one by the name of John Chappell, who, according to his own account, was able to "lick" any man, no matter who he was, what he was, or where he was, in the old or the new world. He was a thin, bony fellow, about six feet two inches in hight. His arms were extremely long, and when resting by his side reached his knees. Although thin, he possessed enormous strength. His many conflicts with the Indians had made him both an expert boxer and wrestler. He had not joined the army more than three days before he had singled out and *licked* the best men in it. On the fourth day, in spite of all his entreaties, he could get no one to engage in a friendly set-to or wrestle. He even offered the contents of his pistol, (brandy flask.) but it was all in vain; no one would accept his offer.

In the English army there was a man by the name of Hendrickson. He had fought several prize fights in England, and had gained the name of the "best man." By some means, Chappell heard of him, and determined, come what would, to have a "bout" with him. Owing to some difficulty about exchanging prisoners, Washington was obliged to send a letter to Sir Henry Clinton. The letter was given to a sergeant, together with a white flag.

"Return as soon as possible," said Washington, "and do not on any account let the enemy know our weakness."

Proud of his trust, the man bowed and rode forward. Before he had proceeded many yards, Chappell stood before him, holding in his right hand a letter, and in the left a piece of money.

"I hearn tell of as how you're goin' to the British camp," said Chappell.

"You're right. What of it?" said the other.

"Take this 'ere letter—give it to Hendrickson, and bring me an answer."

Saying this, he gave him the letter and the money.

In two days, the messenger returned.

"What news? what news?" cried Chappell, as soon as he saw him.

"Here is your answer," was the reply.

The men crowded about him as he tore off the envelop and read aloud—

"I reseaved yer letter, and am willin' to fite yer fur ten pounds. I will meat yer anywhears yer wish, on condishun that yer cum with but three men, and I to du the same.

"JACOB HENDERSON."

So delighted was Chappell on reading this, that he sprang into the air with a loud shout. "A brave man—a brave man," he cried.

That evening Chappell called the messenger to him and put a paper in his hand. What passed between them I know not; but of this I am certain, that the messenger paid another visit to the English camp.

In a week, all the preliminaries were settled, and now the difficulty was, to leave the camp without being observed. We knew that if we were to leave without permission, our absence would excite suspicion, and the General might think we had deserted. At length, however, we arranged everything, and it was resolved that we should start off the next night.

But, alas! unfortunately for us, Chappell told his wife, after making her promise to keep it a secret. She in return told it to the wife of the corporal, who in turn told it to her husband, who in turn told it to Washington.

The next night, we met in the tent of the corporal. Just as we were about to start, the corporal himself entered, followed by a dozen men.

"You are my prisoners," he said.

We looked at him with astonishment.

"How—how did you find it out?" I asked.

"My wife told me; Washington, too, knows all."

"The devil!" said Chappel.

"Take it easy, boys," said the Sergeant, good humoredly.

"Easy be d--d," muttered Chappell; "but I'll get out of this somehow."

And he did. About ten o'clock the lamps were extinguished. Soon the heavy breathing of the soldiers told us that they were asleep. Chappell gave me a slight nudge with his elbow, and crawled to the side of the tent. I, of course, followed him. Drawing his knife, he cut a slit in the canvass and passed through---soon I stood beside him.

"Who goes there! who goes there?" cried the sentinel.

"Follow me!" cried Chappell, bounding forward; away we went, full split towards the woods. We had hardly reached it, when I glanced behind me. There stood the sentinel with his gun raised to his shoulder, and taking aim at *me*. Suddenly a stream of fire flashed from the gun, and the ball just shaved my posterior. It was enough. I gave a loud howl---loud enough to awaken the dead, and darted forward.

By twelve o'clock the next day, we reached the place agreed upon for the fight, here we found Hendrickson and three others. Hendrickson was a short broad shouldered, savage looking fellow, apparently thirty or thirty-two years of age.

"Which is Hendrickson?" asked Chappell.

"Here I be—I'm the man," was the reply.

"Peel," said Chappell, throwing off his coat and vest. When this was done he threw off his boots, and plunging his hand into his pocket he pulled out ten golden guineas.

"Here's my money," he said.

"And here's mine," said the Englishman, placing them in my hands.

A ring was marked out, and both the men took their places.

The spot whereon we stood was a beautiful place. It was on a high hill, overlooking the noble Hudson and the opposite shore of New Jersey. The weather was cool and pleasant; all nature seemed hushed. It appeared to me that even the birds had ceased their singing to view the coming fight. And now, to work.

Both men entered the ring, each one with his teeth clenched together, as though determined to win or die. Chappell's features wore a strange smile—a smile peculiar to himself. Confidence rested on the features of the Englishman, for he felt certain that his light, active antagonist was no match for him.

Scarcely had the two men placed themselves in a fighting position, when the Englishman made a desperate drive at Chappell with his left hand. So powerful was the blow, that Chappell was unable to fend it off. It struck him on the cheek bone with such force, that he fell backwards on the ground. In an instant, however, he was on his feet again. The Englishman did not escape injury; his knuckles were split open, and the blood streamed from them like water; on seeing which, Chappell smiled in his own peculiar manner.

Round 2. Both men squared off; the Englishman made another desperate drive at Chappell, who avoided it by stepping nimbly backwards. Before the Englishman could recover himself, Chapell gave him at least a dozen blows, in half that number of seconds. The Englishman attempted to defend himself; strike back he could not, for he had as much as he could do to defend himself.

"Take it easy," cried his seconds.

The Yankee grinned at them horribly, and at the same moment fetched the Englishman a blow under the chin, that had the effect of lifting him several feet from the ground. Before he could recover himself, two blows on each temple, laid him senseless on the ground.

"I've won the fight," said Chappell, as he stood over his prostrate enemy.

The friends of the Englishman acknowledged the defeat of their comrade, and the money was given into the hands of Chappell, who, with his friends, returned to the army.

Some years later, Chappell and Hendrickson met at the storming of Yorktown. They never parted again. When the battle was over, they were found clasped in each other's arms—dead.

Not Scared off the Track.

New York, March 4, '54

To the Editor of the New York Clipper:—

SIR, I notice in this week's Clipper an inquiry whether Coit has frightened all the wrestlers off the track. It was needless to make that inquiry, for in your paper a few week's since I read the challenge of a man who offered to wrestle Coit for a good stake. The rules offered in connexion with the challenge were according to the mode of wrestling in the Old Country, and rules which no one who prides himself on his wrestling abilities could honestly object to, and yet in the same paper it is stated that Coit refused to accept the challenge, and "backed down." I was a wrestler myself, but am now too old to engage in the sport but am very fond of witnessing a good wrestling match, and after all the talking and blowing about Coit, I was surprised when I found that he backed out of a match, offered him according to the only correct mode of wrestling. I think, Mr. Editor, it is Mr. Coit who has been "frightened off the track."

CORNISHMAN.

The remarks of a Cornishman are correct in regard to the terms offered Coit being according to the rules of wrestling. The terms specified that each man should wear a jacket, and that the holds should be confined to the jackets. Each man would have an equal chance of getting his favorite hold, if he could, and he who was quick in his movement could not fail of securing that favourite hold; and although Coit is acknowledged to be almost as quick as lightning in his movements, yet with this great requisite in his favor he declined to meet the gentleman on the terms proposed, and the match was dropped. Whether Coit will agree to wrestle any other way than his own favorite mode, we cannot say. If he is the wrestler he is represented to be, we think he should not object to wrestle a fair match, with holds on jackets, and catch as catch can.

Great Rush.

We were unable last week to supply the demand for the Clipper.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MARCH 11, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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Answers to Correspondents.

John B. Dougherty, Utica, N. Y.—"I have often heard of the maxims of Jefferson. Will you oblige myself and others by informing me what they are?" Thomas Jefferson's Ten Rules of Life are familiar to almost every person who claims this land as his place of birth. The following are the rules referred to, and if they were practised more fully, there would be more happiness and less misery in the world:

1. *Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.*
2. *Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.*
3. *Never spend your money before you have it.*
4. *Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.*
5. *Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold.*
6. *We never repent of having eaten too little.*
7. *Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.*
8. *How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened!*
9. *Take things always by their smooth handle.*
10. *When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count one hundred.*

E. M. Howell.—"1. How many battles did Awful Gardner fight? 2. Is Freeman, the American Giant, dead, or, if not, where is he now? 3. Was Freeman an American? 4. How many times was Bendigo defeated?" 1. Awful fought twice in the Prize Ring—once with Allan McPhee, whom he defeated, and once with Dublin Tricks, by whom he was defeated. 2. Freeman died of consumption, Oct. 18, 1845. 3. Yes. 4. We believe he was defeated but in a single battle.

Hiram D.—"1. What is the length and width of New York Bay? 2. What is the length and breadth of New York City and County?" 1. The Bay of New York is about 8 miles long, and from 1¼ to 5¼ miles broad. 2. New York, or Manhattan Island, comprising the City and County of New York, is 14½ miles in length, and varies from half a mile to two miles in width. Its area is 21¾ square miles, or 13,920 acres.

F. M. A., Philada.—1. Tom Reynolds' fight with George Head was a "turn up." 2. We repeat Randall was never Champion of England, notwithstanding your assertion that you were well acquainted with Randall.

J. A. Thompson.—Jemmy Trainer's fight with Hoiles, the Spider, took place on the 23d of September, 1851, for £50 aside. Trainer was defeated, after fighting 49 rounds, occupying 1 hour and 20 minutes.

Wm. H. Watson, Phil.—"Which won the race, in the voyage to Australia, the steamer Great Britain, or the clipper ship Sovereign of the Seas?" The Great Britain in 66 days, beating the Sovereign of the Seas about 12 days.

U. R. T.—Johnny Walker beat Sam Simmonds on the 15th of December, 1846, after fighting 31 minutes, and 13 rounds. The match was for £200 aside.

A Subscriber, Albany.—We doubt your being a subscriber to the Clipper, for the reason that you did not pay your postage.

Tabby.—Yes—the match will come off in three weeks after the fight between Gribbin and Parker.

A. Jackson Doreland.—Your communication was duly received, and if we have room, it will be found inserted in this week's paper.

J. Benson.—The set of Boxiana advertised in the Clipper was valued at $35. The volumes (5) were sold last week at that price.

Pedestrian.—Yes—a single mile was run in 4 minutes and 28 seconds. This is the best time ever accomplished.

P. T. Dakin.—Have no knowledge of the matter. The name is not on our book. Have you a receipt?

Mida, Lansingburgh.—The best work, we think is the "Bird Fancier's Guide."

M. J.—We acknowledged the receipt of your letter with the enclosure in our last.

M. B., Mid Point, N. J.—Documents received—see another column. Let us hear how you progress with the Cricket Club.

L. L. A., Philada.—Repeat your question, and let us know your position and that of the dealer.

A Subscriber, Troy, N. Y.—Article in—will be obliged to you for the result.

T. Y. W.—You lose, as your opponent played the ace.

Charles.—The yacht America was defeated after her victory at Cowes.

D. R. P.—ALL FOURS.—Low goes out before Jack.

Observer.—Your communication is noticed in another part of the Clipper.

Wily.—ALL FOURS.—Certainly, you can trump if you please.

Ignoramus.—RAFFLE.—32 wins the turkey, and 31 the chickens.

J. B.—The name of the present Champion of England is William Perry (the Tipton Slasher).

Thomas.—The salary of the President of the United States is $25,000 per year.

B. and J.—The steamship President left New York March 11, 1841.

David Watson.—Jemmy Trainor, now in this city, is the same person who fought the Spider.

Flints.—Com. on "Tide Work" in our next. Thank you.

Moses H. Keen, Phil.—Glad to hear from an old friend.

Jonnie Raw.—All right.

A. J. Hine.—$1 50 received—paper [illegible].

W. X.—WHIST.—The lowest deals.

Brickabus, Philad.—Next week.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

American Currency.

An effort is making to bring into use an American or National currency instead of the old Spanish quarters, shillings, and sixpences. It is high time something was done to relieve our citizens of the swindling they are compelled to submit to in making purchases. It is said that the grocers are the principal persons who defraud purchasers out of 4 cents on every dollar changed. This is not so. Dry goods stores are the places where this practice is more openly resorted to, and where wholesale robberies are perpetrated on unsuspecting purchasers; for instance, a lady passing a dry goods store, observes a piece of muslin hanging out by the door, marked 10c per yard. Thinking it a good article, the lady enters the store, and tells the salesman to cut her off 12 yards. The 12 yards are cut off, and the lady tenders in payment a two dollar bill, and receives in change six shillings, instead of 80 cents. On telling the clerk that she is short of her proper change 5 cents, it is probable the clerk will use insulting language to her, telling her she don't know how to count, &c., and then to convince her that the change he gave her is correct, he counts up the 12 yards of muslin by the shilling process, instead of by cents, and then makes 5 cents more than the price of the article rightfully entitles him to, and the purchaser, having no remedy, is obliged to submit to the swindle.

American half-dimes, dimes, quarters, and half dollars are now plenty, and can be had in exchange for gold, and we think no better opportunity exists than the present for our citizens to take this matter in hand, and endeavor to regulate the currency of our city. Those who suffer most by the four per cent swindle are poor people, who are obliged to buy by the small quantity. Every quarter they change at present returns them but the value of 24 cents; the other cent is stolen from them by storekeepers. During these seasons of Reform, would it not be well that a reform should take place in our currency? We sincerely hope this matter will engage the attention of our citizens and that the pence and shilling swindle may be speedly abolished.

Paid Fire Department.

An effort is making to introduce in this city a Paid Fire Department. On Monday evening last, in the Board of Aldermen, an Ordinance was presented for the consideration of the members, embracing the following proposition:—The new Ordinance proposes to fix the number at 1,500 men, who shal *be paid for their services*. There is to be one Chief Engineer and twelve Assistant Engineers. The machines are to be *drawn by horses*; two animals being apportioned to each first and second class engine or truck, and one to each third class carriage. These horses are to be kept constantly harnessed, and ready for immediate service. Each City hydrant is to have attached to it a length of Hose. There are to be *fence trucks*, bearing fences to keep back the crowds which throng about the neighborhood of a fire. Each Fire Company is to be divided into sections; and premiums are to be awarded to the parties by whom the first stream shall be brought to bear upon the flames. Members who shall serve for seven years are to be exempt from further duty. Cases of misconduct are to be reported by the Chief Engineer to the Board of Aldermen. The entire Department is to be placed under the control of the Mayor of the City.

Northern Liberty Target Co.

This company of citizen soldiers, under the command of Capt. L. Kelly, paraded in Philadelphia on the 22d of February. They turned out thirty-nine muskets, and four officers, and were accompanied by the new Brigade Band. At Front and Green streets Major Peter Fritz presented to the company, on behalf of the ladies of the Northern Liberties, a magnificent American Flag and Liberty Cap, which, in accepting on behalf of the company, Col. Wm. Small returned thanks in a neat and appropriate speech. By the first of May, the Northern Liberty Target Co. expect to number over 100 muskets. Onward is the word.

In our last we inadvertently gave the credit of the above parade to another company. We cheerfully rectify the mistake.

Death of James Shelton.

Mr. James Shelton, the popular leader of Shelton's Brass Band, died on Saturday last, in the 35th year of his age, after an illness of several weeks. The father of Mr. Shelton, who, we believe, was the originator of the band, died a few weeks since. The great popularity attached to Shelton's Band is owing, in a great measure, to the efforts of Mr Shelton, who was untiring in his exertions to place the band in the front rank of musical bodies, and right well did he succeed, for the patronage they received was no mean testimonial of the favor in which they are held by our citizens.

"Play or Pay."

We have been asked if the race between Barlow and Horton would take place if the weather should be unfavorable. We understand that the match will come off, rain or shine.

SPARRING.

Progress of the Manly Art.

The Sparring Exhibition given by Mr. James Sullivan, a couple of months since, and which was conducted in such an orderly and systematic manner, seems to have created quite a revival of this favorite and manly pastime and innocent amusement. The success which attended Mr. Sullivan's exhibition, the extraordinary attendance on that occasion, and the respectability and good standing of the greater part of that large audience, gave sufficient evidence that a love for sparring, for a display of science in the mode of using "the gloves" when in the hands of men skilled in the art, is not confined to "merry England," but is participated in by the lively lads of "Young America."

We have now been a regular attendant at these Sparring Exhibitions, and repeat, what we have asserted before, that we have not witnessed, in connection with them, a disturbance of any kind. This, we have no doubt, "Old Morality" and other journalists of a like ilk, would scarcely believe did any other than ourself make the assertion; but the known friendship existing between Horace Greeley, Raymond, and other well known moralists, not forgetting Miss Lucy Stone, (who is a "shoulder hitter" to the back bone,) and the editor of the New York Clipper, precludes all possibility of doubt in their minds that our statement is perfectly correct, and that the "boys of the magic circle" are "around, about, and in spots."

Want of a Larger Room.

A SPORTING HALL.

The difficulty of procuring a room of sufficiently large dimensions to accommodate the thousands of individuals who are fond of the sport of Sparring, is seriously felt in this city, and until some spirited citizen takes the initiative steps in the matter, we fear our pugilistic friends will have to confine their "displays" to the small and ill-contrived rooms now used for "Sparring Exhibitions." We have no doubt that a room capable of seating comfortably one thousand or fifteen hundred persons would pay a good interest on the money invested—better, in fact, than some of the rooms now used for balls, &c. A "Sporting Hall," devoted to the various sports, where the friends of the Turf, the Ring, Yachting, Pedestrianism, Cricket, &c., &c., &c., could meet and discuss the exciting topics of the day, would be quite a feature in this Great Metropolis, and could not fail of being a "Go." A company might be organized, called the "New York Sporting Hall Company," and shares in the stock of the Company sold to those in favor of the movement. The stock might be placed at $25 or $50 per share, according to the views of the Company, and with little trouble the entire amount could be disposed of in a short time. The first floor of the Hall could be devoted to a saloon and conversation room—to a large and commodious "pit," &c. The second floor could be arranged as a large Sparring Room, with dressing rooms, &c. Also, Club Rooms for different Sporting Clubs could be arranged; and, in fact, the entire building could be so fitted up as to supply the wants of the entire sporting community. We merely throw out this hint, leaving it to be acted upon by those most deeply interested. We see no impediment in the way of building a "New York Sporting Hall," and hope our suggestion in reference thereto may be freely discussed, and, if favorably received, successfully carried out. We shall refer to the subject again. In the meantime, communications on the subject will receive attention at our hands.

Jemmy Trainer's Exhibition.

Notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather on Thursday evening, 2d inst., Grand Street Hall was densely crowded at an early hour, on the occasion of the Sparring Exhibition benefit, given to Jemmy Trainer by his friends in this city. Mr. Trainer is well known as a celebrated delineator of "the art," having fought several battles in the English Ring. He arrived in this city but a few weeks since, and by his conduct in sporting circles gained many friends, who, as a compliment, tendered him a benefit, which, we are pleased to say, *was a benefit* in every sense of the word. Owing to the crowded state of the room we were unable to take notes of each set-to, but the principal attractions of the evening were those between Young Harry Lazarus, son of Izzy Lazarus, and young Mike Trainer, younger brother to Jemmy Trainer. As soon as these young "heroes" appeared before the audience, there was not the least noise—every person present was anxious to witness this set-to, which, from the well-known capabilities of the lads, and the equality of the match, promised to be an event of no ordinary attraction, and so it proved, for each lad seemed determined to do his best, now Harry making a good point, now Trainer dodging and delivering a good one in regaining his position—here again was Harry shooting in his right, and Trainer countering with his left, which he brings in with good effect whenever he gets into difficulty. This set-to alone was well worth the price of admission, and was greeted with rounds of the most hearty applause at different stages of its progress. The lads continued to spar longer than it should have been expected of them, but as the audience desired it, they good-naturedly continued the sport.

The wind-up between Messrs. Trainer and Murphy, the former of whom appeared in his fighting costume, was an artistic and truly scientific passage of arms, a most beautiful and manly display, and was equally enjoyed by amateurs as well as professors of the art. This set-to, and the one between the lads, Lazarus and Trainer, were the events of the evening, and were well worth a journey to see.

There were many other good sets-to during the evening, but not having an opportunity to see all, we refrain from going into details of any of them.

Harry Lazarus and Mike Trainer.

These lads have kindly stepped forward on every occasion when called upon, and lent their assistance at the benefits given within the last few months. They have given great satisfaction, and afforded much amusement to those before whom they appeared, and in return for these favors we hope a complimentary benefit will be given them by those who have been benefitted by them. Let a committee be appointed and go to work at once. We have no doubt that a snug sum of money could be realized for the lads, who are really deserving. The simple announcement of a set-to between young Lazarus and young Trainer, and another between Mike Murphy and Jemmy Trainer, would fill the house. Who'll move in the matter?

Benefit of Young Kelly, of Brooklyn.

Young Kelly's Sparring Exhibition takes place on Thursday (this) evening, March 9th, at the People's Hall, corner of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn, on which occasion he will be assisted by some of the Fancy of New York as well as Brooklyn. If you wish to see sport, drop in at the People's Hall. A fine stage has been erected in the room, so that all present can have a good sight.

THE RING.

Fights to take place.

Jem Parker and Harry Gribben, April 26.

Jem Trainor and Jemmy Boyle, May 17.

Another Match Made.

It having been announced to Jem Trainor that Jemmy Boyle was ready to make a match with him for the sum of $500 aside, Mr. Trainor stated that he did not come to this country to engage in prize fighting, but since the announcement had been publicly made that Mr. Boyle was anxious to make a match with him, he would state that he was ready to fight any man of 8 stone weight in the United States for $500 or $1,000 aside, and that he would accommodate Mr. Boyle for the sum proposed. The parties subsequently met and deposited $25 aside as a forfeit. They are to meet again on Wednesday evening next, when the deposit already down will be increased to $100 aside, and articles drawn up and signed. We understand the fight is to take place in three weeks after the fight between Parker and Gribbin.

In Training.

Mr. Parker left town a week or two since for his training quarters, where he is making the best use of his time in bringing himself to the proper standard of a man in tip-top condition. His weight previous to going into training was about 170lbs., so that he will have to reduce himself 20lbs., in order to bring himself to the weight stipulated in the articles of agreement.

Mr. Gribbin delayed his departure until the present week, having left here on Monday last. Mr. Gribbin, a week or two since, weighed in the neighborhood of 175lbs.; consequently, to enable him to reach the weight agreed upon, he will be subjected to a severe and rigid course of training.

We shall endeavor to call upon the gentlemen during the present or ensuing week, and report to our readers the progress they are making in their exercises.

Fight near the Dry Dock.

A correspondent sends us the report of a fight that took place last week between James ——, alias Yellow Dog, a youth of about 18, standing 5 feet 8 inches, and Timothy——, alias Glocody, about the same age and height. After fighting four or five rounds, Glocody seems to have got the best of his opponent, though how the fight terminated, our correspondent does not say; probably darkness coming on put a stop to further hostilities for the time.

Another Deposit.

Another deposit of $100 aside for the fight between Gribbin and Parker is to be made on Wednesday evening next.

To Sportsmen.

We will feel obliged for sporting items from all sections of the country. Those whose positions enable them to gather information of interest to the sporting world, would materially assist us in making our paper what has long been needed in this country. We will be happy to reciprocate in any way.

Perham's Gifts.

Wanted to exchange, one of Perham's orders for an engraving, for an order for one of Genin's hats. Apply immediately at this office. No questions asked.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Matches to Come.

March 13—Barlow and Horton, one mile, on the Union Course, L. I., for $500 aside.

March 13—Williams and Dorcy, quarter of a mile, Dorcy to have six yards start, Union Course, L. I., $100 aside.

March 20—Mickey Free, Barlow, Williams and Dorcy—Sweepstakes—One Mile Race, leaping over twenty-six hurdles.—McCombs Dam, $100 entrance.

To the Races! To the Races!!

Our readers must not forget that on Monday next, 13th inst. the one mile race between Barlow and Horton, and the quarter mile race between Williams and Dorcy, are to take place on the Union Race Course, Long Island. Already much excitement exists, and thousands who never before witnessed a foot race will repair to the Union Course to witness the above matches. In reference to the mile race between Barlow and Horton, the friends of each man seem fully confident of success, and much money will change hands on the result. The quarter of a mile race between Dorcy and Williams, after the race between Barlow and Horton, promises to be equally interesting, and although Williams gives Dorcy six yards start, yet it is thought the former by hard work may be enabled to go in ahead. It is impossible to form a correct opinion however as to the ultimate result of these races, as those engaged in them are all good men, and will doubtless make good time.

A full report of the matches will be given in next week's Clipper.

Let us recommend those who wish to see some rare sport, to "attend the races" next Monday!

Walking Match Against Time.

The Charleston *Standard* of Feb. 22 says: "On Monday last took place the much talked of walking match against time. The bet being to walk six miles in fifty-seven minutes—the feat however was accomplished in the unprecedented short space of fifty-five minutes fifty-six seconds, and the walker might have saved time. The pedestrian is a young man from New York, and is of a rather slight build, but very muscular. His style of walking is probably the most fair ever witnessed. The time of the various miles, as given by the timers, was, 9.43, 10.03, 9.43, 8.45 9.06, 8.46, thus making 55. 56, and the three last miles being the fastest. There is some talk about another match, to walk six miles in fifty-three minutes.

The gentleman who performed the above feat returned to this city last week—he called to see us on Tuesday last and corroborated the facts above set forth. In addition to this match he performed two others, in which he was equally successful, and pocketed in consequence thereof some of the "rocks" belonging to our Southern friends. If any of our "fast" ones feel like trying him on, we have no doubt they can be accommodated.

The Hurdle Match.

This match, it will be recollected, will come off on the Monday following the races between Barlow and Horton, and Dorcy and Williams, and will exhibit the capabilities of the men in running as well as leaping. This will be a tip-top affair, and much amusement may be expected.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Morgan James versus Nelson Lewis.

TOEING THE SCRATCH.

The controversy between Morgan James and Nelson Lewis, rifle manufacturers, which has excited considerable attention throughout this City and State, is about drawing to a conclusion, a portion of the forfeit money being already placed in the hands of General Dunham, and the time and place appointed, as will be seen by the following letter. This match will prove deeply interesting, and will set at rest the vexed question as to whose rifles are the best:—

Mr. Nelson Lewis, Esq—. Sir:—I was much pleased with your reply, in the Clipper of February 25th, and cheerfully accept of your last proposals, and have in accordance forwarded to Gen. Dunham, of Troy, $500, (he consents to hold the forfeit,) which is the forfeit named by you in this match. As I understand this match, you are to shoot five rifles of your own manufacture, against five of our manufacture, for the sums of $200 on each rifle; twenty shot strings from each gun, at the distance of 40 rods; at rest; globe sights; and the 5 strings to be measured together, for the sum of $200 more. We are to meet at Fort Plain, N. Y., and the shooting is to take place on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, of the second week in June next. The forfeit is to be put up on or before the first day of April next. My partner, Mr. Ferriss, or myself, or both, will do the shooting on our part.

Now, sir, no more of your old tricks—*put up your forfeit*.

Yours, respectfully,

Morgan James.

Utica, N. Y., March 4th, 1854.

MATCH BETWEEN NELSON LEWIS AND ADAM McCHESNEY.

A shooting match, with rifles, will come off on Monday, 20th day of March, 1854, at the Bush Inn Nail Factory. Troy, N. Y., between the far famed and highly renowned marksman, Nelson Lewis, and the celebrated and distinguished Rifleman, Adam McChesney, both of the city of Troy. The match is for one hundred dollars aside—the distance forty rods—globe sights to be used on the guns—each man to do his own shooting—assistance in watching and reporting the weather is strictly prohibited in the articles of agreement, which were drawn out on the evening of the 8th inst. *Twenty-five dollars* aside have been deposited in the hands of the Landlord of the Bush Inn, as forfeit money, in the event of any of the parties withdrawing from the contest, or violating any portion of the articles of agreement. Sport of the first order in the perfection and skill of shooting, will be displayed, as several important contemplated matches will depend on the result of this match. The ground is well adapted, and well chosen. We will keep our readers advised of the result of this match.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

Match at Middletown Point, N. J.

Two matches at Pigeons came off at this place a short time since—the first for a purse of $25, and the second for $20. The following is the result of both matches:—

FIRST MATCH.

At nine birds, 21 yards rise.

Henry W. Abbott, 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1
Theo. Lambertson, 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1
Wm. A. Dunlop, 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1
Wm. H. Taylor, 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0

SECOND MATCH—6 BIRDS.

H. W. Abbott, 1 1 1 1 1 1
Wm. A. Dunlop, 1 1 1 1 1 0
Wm. H. Applegate, 1 1 1 0 1 1
Wm. H. Taylor, 1 0 1 0 1 1
Theo. Lambertson, 0 1 1 1 1 0

CRICKET.

A NEW CLUB.

The game of Cricket promises to be one of our national amusements, as new clubs are forming in different sections of the country, and some beautiful matches are to come off during the ensuing season. A new club has just been organized at Middletown Point, N. J., the doings of which a correspondent has promised to keep us advised. Keep the ball rolling.

THE BALL SEASON.

Shelton's Ball.

Don't forget the Ball to be given by Shelton's Brass Band on Monday evening next.

Complimentary.

A Complimentary Ball is to be given to M. Kilfoil by his pupils and friends, on Wednesday evening next, March 15th, at National Hall, 224 and 226 Forty-fourth street. This will be an agreeable assemblage.

Finley Volunteers.

The first annual Ball of the Finley Volunteers will take place on Wednesday evening, March 22, at Warren Hall, corner of Oliver and Henry street. No gentleman admitted without a lady.

AMUSEMENTS.

The National Theatre,

Is now firmly established as the Temple of the Moral Drama, and the citizens of New York and elsewhere recognize it as such. Mr. Purdy, in addition to the dramas of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Katy, the Hot Corn Girl, the Gambler, &c., has just brought out the celebrated moral and highly instructive play of the "Six Degrees of Crime." This drama is played on alternate afternoons with Uncle Tom, Katy, &c., and never fails to draw large and highly respectable audiences. Uncle Tom's Cabin has now been performed at this theatre two hundred and fifty times, and still there are no appearances of its decline in popularity.

Christy's Minstrels.

A MAGNIFICENT PROJECT.

We understand that Mr. E. P. Christy, the talented manager of Christy's Minstrels, and the first to popularize Negro Minstrely in this Metropolis, and to give respectability to Ethiopian delineations, is about to make some extensive improvements in his present Hall, by which the audience part of the establishment will be sufficiently commodious to seat about 3000 persons. Burlesque operas, and performances of a novel character are to be produced on a larger and more extensive scale than has ever been attempted in that line of business. This will be pleasing intelligence to those who patronize Ethiopian performances, and who are beginning to feel that something else is wanting to place such performances on an equality with the best amusements of the city. Mr. E. P. Christy is the only gentleman who can accomplish a reformation of the kind we speak of, and when his Hall and other improvements are completed, imitators must fall through. The regular performances of the Minstrels will be continued as usual, as the alterations will not interfere.

Buckley's Minstrels.

The manner in which the burlesque on the opera of the Bohemian Girl has been produced by this company, has been the means of filling their large saloon nightly by admiring audiences. The gems of the opera, "I dream't that I dwelt," "Then you'll remember me," "The heart bowed down," &c., &c., are beautifully given, and receive loud applause. This company is constantly increasing in popularity, and well do the Buckley Minstrels deserve it.

White's Melodeon.

Fun alive at this popular place of amusement in the Bowery. Night after night is White's company greeted with shouts of laughter from large and respectable audiences. The improvements about to be made by E P. Christy in Broadway, and by Mr. Charles White in the Bowery, will create a new era in Ethiopian characteristics which cannot fail of proving highly remunerative to the enterprising managers.

Bowery Amphitheatre.

We understand that this miserable place is to be demolished after the present company retires. No one will regret this, for as a place of amusement the Bowery Amphitheatre is a disgrace to our city, and should have been pulled down long ago. Whether a new Amphitheatre will be erected on the site, we cannot say, but suppose not, as a larger lot of ground will probably be secured in some other section of the city.

Panorama of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

A panorama, embracing incidents in the popular work of Mrs. Stowe, has just been painted by Messrs. Lane & Ayres, who design traveling with it through the different country towns of this and other States. Those of our country friends who have been unable to see the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin, will now have an opportunity of viewing the panorama, which will no doubt prove highly interesting.

Pittsburgh Theatricals.

Pittsburgh, March 1st, 1854.

Editor Clipper—Sir,

The "Clipper" comes to hand, and has a good circulation in our "Smoky" *town* through your agents, Messrs. H. Miner & Co.

Mdlle. Duret opened here on Monday last to rather poor houses, but she has shown our citizens that she is "some" in her line, and they greet her more cordially and with larger houses as they become more acquainted. Her delineation of "Romeo" on Tuesday evening, was a masterly performance, Mrs. H. C. Rynar, personating "Juliet," and Mr. Joseph H. Brelsford as Mercutio. By the way, this said Brelsford is a good actor, and Manager Foster shows his good sense by keeping him before the Pittsburgh public. When Joe leaves our little town, the good wishes of the whole community will go with him. His wife has been playing "Topsey" during the run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" here, and her delineation of the gal "who never was born," has been pronounced by competent judges to be A. No. 1.

There is nothing doing in our sporting circles now, but we expect a good opening in the spring.

Yours, very respectfully,

Jonnie Raw.

Dan Donnelly.

On the first page of this No. of the Clipper will be found a full report of the battle between Dan Donnelly and Oliver. Read it.

Awakened, at last.

After a quiet and sweet slumber of several months, our street cleaning friends are once more wide-awake, and kicking. Better late than never, and we hope they will continue to shed upon us the light of their cheerful countenances for a long season to come.

"Fair as a Lilly."

Without spot, blemish freckle or any other disfigurement, are the complexions of those who use the Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, as prepared by Dr. Gourand, whose well known experience in the preperation and manufacture of Cosmetics, needs no comment at our hands.—Thousands of individuals who heretofore suffered with chapped hands, face, &c., have this season been entirely free from all such annoyances, owing to their use of this Italian Medicated Soap. Other articles for the toilet, now in such general use, such as Liquid Hair Dye, Lilly White, powders Subtiles, &c., are either manufactured by Dr Gouraud or those who imitate him, and as it is our desire to put the unsuspicious on their guard, we would recommend them to purchase from Dr. Gouraud himself, at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway, where can be had the pure and genuine articles.

Great Times in the Bowery.

We took a walk through the extensive Carpet Emporium of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery, a few evenings since, and were greatly surprised at the magnitude of the establishment, as well as at the system adopted in the arrangement of each description of goods. Ten large and capacious sales rooms *each room* being as large and as well stocked as the *entire stores of some other houses*, form the grand mart, where Carpetings of all descriptions and of every quality are exhibited to the public gaze. Here is a beautiful room exclusively devoted to the more costly article—there another of equal dimensions, stored with cheaper fabrics—here, also, is a room for oil cloths—there another, for window curtains, of the neatest as well as the most gorgeous description. In fact, in each separate room, do we find some new and beautiful patterns; and to attempt to describe in a mere notice the varied attractions to be seen at No. 99 Bowery, would be an impossibility. Call in, see, and judge for yourselves.

The Spring Fashion.

Those energetic and fashionable hatters, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, have just introduced their spring style of hat to the notice of their patrons. In the front rank of the trade, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask are ever on the look-out to secure the newest and most fashionable patterns of hats, and accordingly their manufactures are looked upon as "the hat." The likeness of each purchaser is inserted in every hat purchased at these stores, without additional charge, and as a patent secures to them the exclusive use of this branch of daguerreotyping as applied to hats, it is not to be wondered at that their stores are so well patronised. For service, as well as for neat appearance, the hats manufactured at the above stores are unsurpassed, and those in want of a good and cheap article should not fail to try them.

The Life of Man.

Before the Maine Law goes into effect in this State (?) we would advise those fond of a good glass of Old Cogniac, or other good liquors to drop in at "Ned's Snug Harbor," 362 Broome street, and imbibe. If you wish a delicious stew or fry, you can get either at "Ned's." Drop in.

Anatomical Museum.

No. 300 Broadway.

A variety of curiosities, and wax represents tions of the different parts of the human form. Open day and Evening. Admittance 25 cents.

CURE YOURSELF.

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL THERE has existed in large cities and populous towns, a species of disease the dependence and propogation of which, results from the violation of divine and moral laws. To those afflicted the AMERICAN COMPOUND is presented to their notice, as being the most certain, speedy and valuable specific, ever offered to the unfortunate. It has wherever known acquired a reputation, that daily experience continues to strengthen, is not unmerited. Thousands have been cured by its use, and as it leaves no odor on the breath, requires no restriction in diet nor business; contains no *Mercury* or noxious drugs, in the least injurious to the system, it is boldly presented as the best remedy yet discovered. It has long been used in the practice of a Physician, with unfailing success, radically curing ninety-nine out of a hundred cases. It is the best remedy for *Fleur Albus*, Whites, with which thousands of females suffer, without the knowledge of remedy. Full and plain directions for self treatment, are around each bottle. Price $1.

☞ Caution!—Observe that the genuine has the written signature of the proprietor on the wrapper, and name blown in the bottle. For sale by C. H. Ring, No. 192 Broadway, corner of John; W. M. Giles, cor of Thirteenth and Sixth Avenue; C. B. Cox, No. 10 Eighth Avenue; cor Bleecker and Charles street; cor. of Grand and Bowery; 353 Sixth Avenue; cor. Broadway and thirty-fourth street, New York. No. 49 Fulton street, Brooklyn; French and Richards, cor. Tenth and Market sts., Philadelphia; E. Stahl, Pratt and Charles sts., Baltimore; A. M. Santos & Co, Norfolk; Haviland, Harald & Co., Charleston; T. M. Turner & Co., Savannah; and by druggists, in all the large towns and cities throughout the United States; also San Francisco, California. Price $1 per bottle.

DANCING SCHOOL,

AT FRANKLIN HALL, CORNER OF Montgomery and Warren streets, Jersey City, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week, under the direction of Mickey Free.

SHELTON'S AMERICAN BRASS BAND.

THE ANNUAL BALL OF SHELTON'S American Brass Band will take place at the Apollo Rooms on Monday Evening, March 13th, 1854.

Tickets, one dollar; to be obtained at the Band Head Quarters, 366 Broome street, or at the door on the evening of the ball. 3t

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

Established in 1832, by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard street, New York,

FOR THE CURE OF VENEREAL DISEASE IN ALL ITS FORMS.

IF YOU ARE UNFORTUNATE AND want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me, and you will receive scientific treatment, a quick cure, and moderate charge. Private rooms for each person. All post paid letters attended to. GEORGE R. BOND, M.D., Son and Successor to Dr. George W. Bond. Office, corner of Orchard and Grand streets, New York. Entrance No. 65 Orchard street. Office open day and evening. Mar 4

MEDICAL ADVISER

AND MARRIAGE GUIDE—ELEVENTH Edition, 340 pages, cloth; with nearly seventy five colored engravings—representing all the diseases of the genital organs of the male and female; the most complete and practical work on the physiological mysteries and revelations of the male and female sexual systems ever published, with the latest experiments and discoveries in Reproduction. It illustrates anatomically and fully with the plates everything pertaining to the male and female genital systems; with a full description of the causes, symptoms and most certain mode of cure, of all the infirmities and diseases to which they are liable from the secret habits of youth, and excesses of maturer age, as involuntary loss of Semen and Impotency, and innocent or unforeseen affections, and those resulting from contraction, as Syphilis, (Primary and Constitutional,) Gonorrhœa or Blenorrhagia, (Clap) Gleet, Strictures, &c., &c., with numerous certificates of the most unparalleled cures ever performed. Every person, both married and single, should read this work.

Sold by Stringer & Townsend, No. 222 Broadway; at the Broadway Post-office, No. 422 Broadway, and by the author, M. LARMONT, Physician and Surgeon, No. 42 Reade street, corner of Broadway, New York, formerly from Paris and London. Price $1, mailed free of postage to any address, securely sealed. Address all letters box 71 Broadway Post Office, New York. Agents wanted in every town. The author cures all the diseases treated on in the work, at his old office, 42 Reade street, corner of Broadway, from 11 A. M. till 2 P.M., and from 6 till 9 in the evening. [Sunday, from 2 till 3 P. M.] N.B.—Not the Drug Store.

DR. GEORGE W. BOND'S VEGETABLE Strengthening Bitters.—The proprietor of this article in offering it to the public, offers it as a medicine that has been used by his father, in an extensive practice of twenty years, with the most wonderful success, being purely vegetable and free from all powerful stimulants. Mild in their operations, they strengthen and invigorate, instead of prostrating the system, allaying all irritability and nervous condition of the system, being a speedy and permanent cure for all diseases arising from a disordered state of the system, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Palpitation of the Heart, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions, and for all weaknesses of the organs of generation; an antidote for all diseases incident to females, Fluor Albus or Whites, and particularly at that critical period, the turn of life. They give new life and vigor to the whole system. No family that values life and health, should be without them in their house. Persons going on long voyages, will find them an excellent article to take with them, as they are a sure remedy, always giving relief. The great demand for this article at my office, and by the advice of a number of the medical profession, has induced me to put it before the public. A trial of one single bottle will satisfy any person, even the most doubtful, that it is truly what it is represented to be. The above article is put up in half pint bottles, and put in square boxes with full directions, and the manufacturer's name written on each label. Price $1 per bottle. None genuine unless put up in the above manner; and the box goes with the bottle, in all cases. Manufactured and sold by GEORGE R. BOND, M. D., Son and Successor to Dr. Geo. W. Bond. Principal Depot, No. 65 Orchard, cor. of Grand street; and No. 77 Suffolk street, New York. Wholesale Agent, WILLIAM S. DUNHAM, No 476 Broadway, white front, between Broome and Grand, New York.

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THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

FARMERS, FAMILIES AND OTHERS, can purchase no remedy equal to DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT, for Dysentery, Cholic, Croup, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Toothache, Sea Sickness, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Old Sores, Headache, Musquito Bites, Pains in the Limbs, Chest, Back, etc.

If it does not give relief, the money will be refunded. All that is asked is a trial, and use it according to the directions.

It is an English remedy, and was used by William IV., late King of England, and certified by him as a cure for Rheumatism, when everything else had failed.

Over 10,000 bottles have been sold in the United States, without a single failure; and many have stated they would not be without it if it was $10 per bottle, in case of Croup, as it is as certain as it is applied.

It cures Cholera when first taken, in a few hours; Dysentery in half an hour; Toothache in five minutes. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, and is recommended by the most eminent Physicians in the United States. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Dr. Tobias could fill a dozen newspapers with certificates and letters relating to the wonderful cures accomplished by his Liniment, but considers warranting sufficient, as any person who does not obtain relief need not pay for it.

Dr. Tobias has put up a HORSE LINIMENT, in pint bottles, which is warranted cheaper and better than any other for Cholic, Scratches, Old Sores, Galls, Swellings, Cuts, Bruises, etc.

Price 50 cents. Dr. Tobias' Office, 60 Courtland street, New York. Mar.4.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. ATLANTIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, March 18th, 1854, at 10½ o'clock A.M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

March 11, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. NORTH STAR Law's Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday April 5, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

March 11, 1854.

Unparalleled Bargains!

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!!

At the Celebrated Largest and Cheapest

CARPET ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE UNITED STATES,

AT

HIRAM ANDERSON'S

No. 99 BOWERY,

NEW YORK.

Importer of English and French Carpets.

Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Aubusson, Mosaic, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of Lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of carpets. The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

Sales Room No. 1.

Floor Oil Cloths. An enormous stock of John Hare and Son's celebrated English oil cloths; also American floor oil cloths of magnificent Satin finish, Fresco, marble, Italian, and scroll paintings, from 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., to 9s. per yard, from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, and 90 long.

Sales Room No 2.

Ingrain Carpets. Two hundred and fifty pieces of English and American Ingrain Carpetings, all new style, manufactured expressly for this establishment.

Sales Room No. 3.

Three Ply Carpets. English, Scotch, and American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of our own importation; gorgeous, splendid new style of pattern

Sales Room No 4.

Low Price Ingrain Carpets. Three hundred pieces of medium quality Ingrain carpets, beautiful, large, and small patterns, manufactured for the City trade, incredible low prices of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and 5s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

Rugs and Druggets. English druggets 4 yards wide. 3000 yards of low priced druggets, 1 to 3 yards wide at 3s 6d to 6s per yard, also an immense assortment of mosaic landscape, Axminster, and tufted hearth Rug; also 2000 tufted Rugs at 16s to 24s each.

Sales Room No. 6.

Stair and Hall Carpets. 50,000 yards of striped and figured Hall and Stair Carpets, at 2s, 2s. 6d., 3, 3. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s.

Sales Room No. 7.

Medallion Carpets, with borders; Mosaic and Axminster of one entire piece, can be fitted to any sized room, from $350 to $1000.

Royal Velvet, Tapestry, and Brussels, from the celebrated factories of John Crossly & Sons, and Messrs. Henderson & Co., and others, England, all of our own importation, some of which are exclusively our own style, and cannot be found at any other establishment.

Sales Room No. 8.

Aubusson Carpets. They elicit the warmest commendations of every beholder, excel in beauty and durability, are sold at moderate prices, and introduced into the market at this establishment.

Sales Room No. 9.

Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels three ply and twilled Venitian Stair Carpeting, remarkably cheap.

Sales Room No. 10.

Patent Tapestry Ingrain Carpetings. Gold, plain, white, buff, and scroll window shades, at 6s., 12s., 20s., 40s., to $10 per pair. Tablestand piano covers, silver and brass stair rods, Parlor door mats, Coir matting, also 4s. 3d., 5s. 6d., White and Check Canton Matting, &c., &c.

HIRAM ANDERSON,

Jan. 21. 99 Bowery

DANCING ACADEMY.

M. KILFOIL,

GRATEFUL FOR THE PATRONAGE he has already received, tenders his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally. He would respectfully inform them that his Dancing Classes are continued as usual, at Bechtner's Hotel, 210 William street; at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 30th street and 10th avenue, and that he has opened a new Academy at National Hall, 44th street, between 8th and 9th avenue, where all the newest and most fashionable Dances, Waltzes, &c., &c., are taught, and unremitting attention paid to the improvement of his pupils, in an accomplishment, so essential to grace and elegance of manner.

New classes are forming every evening at each of the above schools, so that pupils can begin at any time, and receive the same advantages, as those who commenced at an early period of the season.

SPORT! SPORT!!

A SILVER WATCH AND TWO HANDsome Collars will be run for on Friday, March 17th, at 8 o'clock P.M., precisely. The Watch to be run for by Terriers, not exceeding 14lbs. One Collar for the best dog at the Coon, and the other for the best Dog at the Bear. A good night's sport may be anticipated.

Admittance 25 cents.

The Proprietor has matched his 40lb. dog, Crib, against the 1st. dog, Tinker, to come off on Tuesday, 22nd inst., at 590 Eighth Avenue, corner of 42nd street. Rat Killing, and other Sports, every Monday. 46-2t

MOLINEAUX HOUSE,

SPORTING HEAD-QUARTERS,

METROPOLITAN SHADES, 144 CONcord street, Brooklyn. Public Sparring every Monday and Friday evening.

N. B. Private Lessons given in Sparring.

BOYS!

YOU ALL KNOW OUR SAMMY, the Calamity Water Pedlar—He now keeps a neat little Drinking Saloon, 100½ Warren street called the *Young Continental House*. If coaxed a little he will attend on the outside and sing the American Boy, while Shorty will wait upon you from the inside. Call and see.

P. S.—Bobby Lee, the Lad that was Born without a Shirt, in attendence when called for.

AMUSEMENTS.

Christy's American Opera House.

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

The well known original, far famed and only CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in existence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Admission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom, . . . Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, . . . Siple.
Gumpton Cute, . . . H. Stone.
Eva, . . . Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva, WILL BE CONTINUED EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Rosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.

Buckley . . . . Properietor.
R. Bishop Buckley . . . . . . Musical Director
Admission . . . . 25 cts

Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

Burlesque Operas.

An odd Rencontre between an Eagle and Box Turtle.

Our Corner, Philadelphia, Feb. 25, '54.
To the Editor of the N. Y. Clipper;

Not long since, while sauntering through one of the public parks, our attention was attracted to a noble specimen of the Mountain Eagle, who, as if confident in the superiority of his *feathers*, strode about with all the dignity of a nabob. 'Twas a splendid bird, though the clipping of his expansive wings deteriorated much his grandeur; yet, from the contemptuous air with which he strode by the gaudy-plumed peacocks, clearly foretold he nevertheless estimated his appearance not meanly. Still, his *lofty* nature, thus humbled to the *ground*, evidently vexed him, for the noble bird would feign be soaring sky-ward. We were contemplating the scene, and letting our mind loose in silent cogitations on the fate of greatness, and contrasting the eagle with the *dandy* chickens around us, when he made a terrific *dart*, startling both man and fowl. The mystery was soon explained:—A poor, unoffending Box or Land Turtle had the audacity to crawl in front of the *Aerial King*, and was about to reap the reward of its temerity. Things began to look like "business," the bird evidently meaning mischief—but the turtle, resolute in the belief that self-preservation is the first law of nature, *closed the door*. By this time, quite a number of spectators had gathered around, anxious to make a *spec*, by investing their "shiners." All, however, seemed of one mind, for, o'erflowing with *patriotism*, they immediately took sides with the bird, and offered ten to one on him. A good bet, thought we, if we lose, and accepted the gentleman's "rhino." "I'll go another X on the heagle," quoth a *native*, and that was also "kivered," "Put me down for a chance in that pot," said a a third. "Give me a dip in, too, old feller;" "Slide a 2½ for me, Bill," &c.—to all of which we replied with a cheerful jingle while there was one piece of tin left to shake against another. We were soon "dried up," however, and our enthusiasm for the weaker side not being sufficiently great to induce us to jeopardise our *linen*, we took a favorable position to witness the "set-to."

The eagle expected to crush his opponent with the first clutch of his powerful talons, and send his *bill* in for speedy payment; but his turtle-ship at once *shut down* on such unchristian-like demands, nor could he be induced to *open* to the merits of the case until his wily adversary had retired to a respectable distance, when he would cautiously emerge from his shell and "toddle." Instantly, however, the bird would be "down on him," and again be discomfited. This was repeated several times with no better success, and our *friends* began to feel shaky about the knees. At that moment we would have ventured a "pile" five to one on our *man*. Things began to look "down in the mouth," and several persons left, declaring the turtle was a *preserve!* Not so with the eagle, however—his eyes, always fine, were now magnificent, and showed a determination to conquer. Presently he is seen coolly walking up to his prey, and we wonder "what's up," when we soon discover 'tis our little pet. Close at hand lay a huge stone, upon which our turtle and *money* are to be immolated. Our heart forsakes us, and we turn away to avoid the sickening sight. A crash is heard, boisterous shouts rend the air, and we turn again to look our last on the "stricken one," but to our amazement, be it said, the champion of the shell was *sound*. Again and again did the excited bird essay to crush, but without effect. Mortified at being so unexpectedly defeated, he stalked away, humbled and more humane, nor did he stop until he had left due distance between himself and his adversary, who leisurely crawled off, seemingly well pleased with the result of the affray. We pocketed the change, patted our pet a familiar good-bye, and were "o-p-h." What seemed to us most singular was, that the turtle should know when it was safe to "open house," as he could not possibly know the whereabouts of the enemy. At a later day, the two combatants might be seen in close proximity, but the bird did not again attempt an onslaught. The story soon got rife, and many curious ones gave the couple a "call." 'Twas the first time we ever knew the "American Eagle" to be beaten, and it is ominous! Look to it, creatures of the *war office!*

Yours, Truly, Flints.

P. S.—In our next we will give your readers a few *hints* on "Tide-work."

A Sketch of the Swallow.

The swallow, and other birds of passage—that is, birds who fly from one country to another, as the weather becomes unsuited to their natures—now begin to return to us. The swallow is a general favorite. He comes to us when nature is putting on her most smiling aspect, and he stays with us through the months of sunshine and gladness. "The swallow," says Sir H. Davy, "is one of my favorite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he glads my seeing as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature; winter is unknown to him, and he leaves green meadows of England in autumn, for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the plains of Africa."

French Sporting Duke in England.

The late duke de Berri, who was devoted to field sports, and an excellent shot, while upon a visit to a distinguished commoner in England, was accompanied to the field by his own *maitre de chasse*, an old gray-headed gamekeeper of his host's. The latter had resided many years upon the estate, and could scarcely repress his dissatisfaction at the number of victims to the Duke's skill. Repeatedly in the course of the day, upon springing a pheasant, the *maitre de chasse*, as is usual with the French, would call out *poule!* (hen) and the Duke, as a fair sportsman, of course restrained his fire. On the return of the party, the worthy host inquired of "Old John" what kind of a shot his illustrious visitor was; to which the following reply was grumbled out; "By the Lord he never misses, and, if he had pulled half so often as t'other Monsieur wanted him to do, your honor would have hardly had a bird next year."

☞ The lady whose heart "swelled with indignation," had it reduced with poultices.

Sporting Items.

THE ALLIGATOR HUNT;

OR, TRAVELERS SEE STRANGE THINGS.

I must give a short account of an alligator hunt (says Capt. Basil Hall, R. N.) at a place called Nellivelley, near Trincomalee, got up for the admiral's express amusement, and performed by a corps of Malays in the British service, the 1st Ceylon regiment. Very early in the morning of the 22d of September, the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of red coats and blue coats, were summoned from their beds to set forth on this expedition. The admiral, as usual, was up, dressed, and on horseback, long before any of the company, whom he failed not to scold, or to quiz, as they severally crept out of their holes, rubbing their eyes, and very much doubting whether the pleasure of the sport were likely to compensate for the horrible bore of early rising. In other countries the hour of getting up may be left to choice; in India, when anything active is to be done, it is a matter of necessity; for after the sun has gained even a few degrees of altitude, the heat and discomfort, as well as the danger of exposure, become so great, that all pleasure is at an end. This circumstance limits the hours of traveling and of exercise in the East very inconveniently, and introduces modifications which help in no slight degree to give a distinctive character to Indian manners. As there was little risk in being too late on any party of which Sir Samuel Hood took the lead, the day had scarcely began to dawn when we all cantered up to the scene of action. The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues; here and there the plain was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected together by sluggish streams, or canals, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of draggled weeds, and giving birth to clouds of mosquitoes. The chill atmosphere of the morning felt so thick and clammy, it was impossible for the most confident in his own health and strength not to think of agues, jungle fevers, and all the hopeful family of malaria. The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the miasmata, were drawn up to receive the admiral, and a very queer guard of honor they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniform, and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trousers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock, each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of his musket. His only other weapon was the formidable Malay crease, a sort of dagger or small edition of the waiving two-edged sword with which the angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise. Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground, the regiment was divided into two main parties, and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, connecting the lakes or pools, scattered over the plain. These detachments, being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays (who are passionately fond of this sport) the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canal in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all. The color of the water when undisturbed was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistence and color of the fluid became like those of pease-soup. On everything being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbor's weapon, and at the word 'march' away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout or warwhoop, sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre. Generally speaking, the alligators, or crocodiles (for I believe they are very nearly the same), had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound, or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, floundered backwards, and by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been anything but an amusement to unpractised hands, was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed around the wretched aquatic who had presumed to pass the barrier By means of well directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there, his enemies half choked and half spitted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived. For the poor denizens of the pool, indeed it was the choice between Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance; and I am half ashamed to acknowledge the savage kind of delight with which we stood on the banks, and saw the distracted creatures rushing from one attack right into the jaws of another. The Malays, in their ecstacy, declared that the small fry from one side rushed down the throats of the big ones whom they met flying in the opposite direction. But this seems very questionable, though positively asserted by the enraptured natives, who re-doubled their shouts as the plot thickened, and the two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators, swimming about in the utmost terror; at times diving below, and anon showing their noses, well plastered with mud, high above the surface of the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt in sheer despair right at the phalanx of Malays. On these occasions, half a dozen of the soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands to the infinite amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man flinched in the least. The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays then, by main strength, forked him aloft, over their heads, on the ends of a dozen pikes, and, by a sudden jerk, pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final melee approached, on the two columns of their enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered and ploutered up the weedy banks, scuttling away to the right and left, helter-skelter. 'Sauve qui peut!' seemed to be the fatal watch-word for their whole rout. That prudent cry would, no doubt, have saved many of them, as it has saved other vanquished forces, had not the Malays judiciously placed beforehand their reserve on each side of the river to receive the distracted fugitives, who, bathed in mud, and half dead with terror, but still in a prodigious fury, dashed off at right angles from the canal, in hopes of gaining the shelter of a swampy pool overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, alas for most of the poor beasts, they were never doomed to reach. The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted—one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the crocodiles might have worsted the pirates, as the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the east, where they are generally admitted to be as good a set of people as any of their neighbors. It is needless to say, that while all this was going on, our gallant admiral Sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal, and at a moment took in the whole purpose of the campaign. As the war advanced, and sundry small affairs of cut-posts took place, we could see his face flushing with delight. But when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike wounds, and bristled with half a dozen fragments of these weapons fractured in the onslaught, the whole plain rang with exclamations of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valor, or laid a whole line of the Malay soldiers prostrate on the muddy stream, like so many nine-pins, I verily believe that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, sword, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivalled the best Malay amongst them in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty. This intensity of eagerness had well nigh proved rather awkward for his excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for, in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment, who knew from former hunts what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the canal, as the final act of the alligator's tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were, of course, obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed between the reserve of Malays already spoken of, and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what they were about, and had then brought their long sharp snouts, and still harder tails, into play, several of his majesty's officers might have chanced to find themselves in a scrape. As it was, we were extremely near being wedged in between the animals' noses and the pikes and creases of the wild Malays. It was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two looked at that moment the most savage: the triumphant natives, or the flying troop of alligators wallowing away from the water. Many on both sides were wounded, and all, without exception, covered with slime and weeds. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superior adroitness enabled him to avoid such an undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company; though of course, we took good care rather to laugh with our commander-in-chief, than at him. I forget the total number of alligators killed, but certainly there could not have been fewer than thirty or forty. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet girth, the head being exactly two feet long. Besides these great fellows, we caught, alive, a multitude of little ones, nine inches long, many of which we carried back to Trincomalee. Half a dozen of these were kept in tubs of water at the Admiralty House for many days; the rest, being carried on board, became great favorites amongst the sailors, whose queer taste in the choice of pets has already been noticed.

SPORTING ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD NELSON.

Lord Nelson had been shooting, one day, near Palermo, and on his return he and Captain Hood came down to a small creek, where only one boat lay, in which was a boy. Nelson inquired if the boy could shove them on board of the flag-ship, for which he would pay him well. The boy did not know him in his shooting-jacket, and said he was waiting for his master, who belonged to a merchant brig, and he had orders not to stir from the beach, so he could not do it. "Let us take the boat by force," said Hood; "the owner will not dare to grumble." "For that very reason I won't allow it. I have marked the boy down for a good one," was Nelson's answer; "I would rather swim on board, at the risk of being drowned, than do an unjust and tyrannical act to one who dare not resent it. Here, boy, is a dollar for so well obeying your master's orders." The master came down at the time, and the *sportsmen* were accommodated with a *shove* alongside; and when the boatswain's whistle, four sidesmen, and marines under arms, announced it was the admiral, both master and the boy were alarmed; and the former was still more astonished at his great condescension when Nelson sang out, "tumble up, messmate — you shall partake of our *sport* to-day, be it good or bad, and a glass of grog into the bargain!"

CARRIER PIGEONS.

The first mention we find made of the employment of pigeons, as letter carriers, is by Ovid, in his 'Metamhorphoses,' who tells us that Taurosthenes, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice of his having been victor at the Olympic games on the very same day to his father, at Ægina. When the city of Ptolemais, in Syria, was invested by the French and Venitians, and was ready to fall into their hands, they observed a pigeon flying over them, and immediately conjectured that it was charged with letters to the garrison. On this, the whole army raising a loud shout, so confounded the poor ærial post, that it fell to the ground; and on being seized, a letter was found under its wings, from the sultan, in which he assured the garrison, that "he would be with them in three days, with an army sufficient to raise the siege." For this letter, the besiegers substituted another to this purport: "that the garrison must see to their own safety, for the sultan had such other affairs pressing upon him, that it was impossible for him to come to their succor;" and with this false intelligence they let the pigeon fly on his course. The garrison, deprived by this decree of all hopes of relief, immediately surrendered. The Sultan appeared on the third day, as promised, with a powerful army, and was not a little mortified to find the city already in the hands of the Christians.

Carrier pigeons were again employed, but with better success, at the siege of Leyden, in 1675. The garrison were, by means of the information thus conveyed to them, induced to stand out, till the enemy, despairing of reducing the place, withdrew. On the siege being raised, the Prince of Orange ordered that the pigeons which had rendered such essential service should be maintained at the public expense, and that at their death they should be embalmed and preserved in the town-house, as a perpetual token of gratitude.

In the East the employment of pigeons for the conveyance of letters is still very common. Every bashaw has generally a basket full of them sent him from the grand seraglio, where they are bred, and in case of any insurrection, or other emergency, he is enabled, by letting loose two or more of these extraordinary messengers, to convey intelligence to the government long before it could be possibly obtained by other means. The diligence and speed with which these feathered messengers wing their course is extraordinary. From the instant of the liberation, their flight is directed through the clouds at an immense height, to the place of their destination. They are believed to dart onward in a straight line, and never descend, except when at a loss for breath, and then they are to be seen commonly at dawn of day, lying on their backs on the ground, with their bills open, sucking in with hasty avidity the dew of the morning. Of their speed, the instances related are almost incredible.

The consul of Alexandria daily sends dispatches by these means to Aleppo in five hours, though couriers occupy the whole day, and proceed with the utmost expedition from one town to the other.

Some years ago, a gentleman sent a carrier pigeon from London, by the stage coach, to his friend at St. Edmundsbury, together with a note, desiring that the pigeon, two days after its arrival there, might be thrown up precisely when the town clock struck nine in the morning. This was done accordingly, and the pigeon arrived in London, and flew to the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate street, into the loft, and was there shown at half an hour past eleven o'clock, having flown seventy-two miles in two hours and a half.

At Antwerp, in 1819, one of the thirty-two pigeons belonging to that city, which had been conveyed to London, and there let loose, made the transit back, being a distance, in a direct line of 180 miles, in six hours. It is through the attachment of the animals to the place of their birth, and particularly to the spot where they had brought up their young, that they are thus rendered useful to mankind. When a young one flies very hard at home, and is come to its full strength, it is carried in a basket or otherwise, about half a mile from its home, and there turned out; after this, it is carried a mile, then two, four, eight, ten, twenty, &c., till at length it will return from the furthermost part of the country.

SHARK FIGHT—BY AN EYE-WITNESS, A NATIVE OF CALCUTTA.

In the month of May, an instance of intrepidity and dexterity, on the part of an up-country native, well worthy of being recorded, occurred lately in this neighborhood. I was walking on the bank of the river at the time, when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of Coolies were employed on shore in the work, all of which I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found, on inquiry, that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange-looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot, to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down apparently in p[ursu]it of his prey. At this moment, a native on the Choppah roofs of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the re-appearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who, in his turn nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down at the same instant. The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon re-appeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding up with both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, 'Tan—tan!' The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight, and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and dispatched.—When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches; his girth at the greatest three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on the left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail or some one of the fins of the animal.

TIGER AND ELEPHANT FIGHT.

Mr. Crawford's work on Cochin China gives the following account of an elephant and tiger fight, and in which it will be seen the poor tiger had any thing but fair play:—

"After tea was served to us, we were invited to be present at an elephant and tiger fight; and for this purpose mounted our elephant, and repaired to the glacis of the fort, where the combat was to take place. The governor went out at another gate, and arrived at the place before us in his palanquin. When the hall broke up, a herald or crier announced the event. With the exception of this ceremony, great propriety and decorum were observed throughout the audience. The exhibition made by the herald, however, was truly barbarous. He threw himself backwards, projecting his abdomen, and putting his hands to his sides, and in this absurd attitude uttered several loud and long yells. The tiger had been exhibited in the front of the hall, and was driven to the spot on a hurdle. A great concourse of people had assembled to witness the exhibition. The tiger was secured to a stake by a rope tied round his loins, about thirty yards long. The mouth of the unfortunate animal was sewn up, and his nails pulled out. He was of large size, and extremly active. No less than forty-six elephants, all males of great size, were seen drawn out in a line. One at a time was brought to attack the tiger. The first elephant advanced, to all appearance with a great show of courage, and we thought, from his determined look that he would certainly have dispatched his antagonist in an instant. At the first effort he raised the tiger upon his tusks to a considerable hight, and threw him to the distance of at least twenty feet. Notwithstanding this, the tiger rallied, and sprang upon the elephant's trunk and head, up to the very keeper who was upon his neck. The elephant took alarm, wheeled about, and ran off, pursued by the tiger as far as the rope would allow him. The fugitive, although not hurt, roared most piteously, and no effort could bring him back to the charge. A little after this we saw a man brought up to the governor, bound with cords, and dragged into his presence by two officers. This was the conductor of the recreant elephant. A hundred strokes of the bamboo was ordered to be inflicted on him upon the spot. For this purpose he was thrown with his face upon the ground, and secured by one man sitting astride upon his neck and shoulders, and by another sitting upon his feet, a succession of executioners inflicting the punishment. When it was over, two men carried off the sufferer by the head and heels, apparently quite insensible. While this outrage was perpetrating, the governor coolly viewed the combat of the tiger and the elephant, as if nothing else particular had been going forward. Ten or twelve elephants were brought up in succession to attack the tiger, which was killed at last, merely by the astonishing falls he received when tossed off the tusks of the elephants. The prodigious strength of the animals was far beyond any thing I could have supposed. Some of them tossed the tiger to a distance of at least thirty feet, after he was nearly lifeless, and could offer no resistance. We could not recollect without horror, that these very individual animals were the same that have for years executed the sentence of the law upon the many malefactors condemned to death. Upon these occasions a single toss, such as I have described, is always, I am told, sufficient to destroy life.

After the tiger fight, we had a mock-battle, the intention of which was to represent elephants charging an entrenchment. A sort of *chevaux de friese* was erected to the extent of forty or fifty yards, made of very frail materials. Upon this was placed a quantity of dry grass, whilst a show was made of defending it by a number of spearmen placed behind. As soon as the grass was set on fire, a number of squibs and crackers were let off; the flags were waved in great numbers; drums beat, and a single piece of artillery began to play. The elephants were now encouraged to charge; but they displayed their usual timidity, and it was not until the fire was nearly extinguished, and the materials of the *chevaux de friese* almost consumed, that a few of the boldest could be forced to pass through."

ACCOUNT OF A MERMAID

There appears in a late number of the Edinburgh Magazine a curious communication on this subject, from Mr. Lawrence Edmonstone, surgeon, Zetland. He says, that an animal answering to the following description, so far as the account of six fishermen who captured it can be depended on, was actually in their possession three hours, but unluckily, for some superstitious dread of injuring it, they returned it to its native element, and thus prevented the scientific identifications of an animal which appears to have very nearly resembled what has been generally regarded as a merely fabulous creation. Length of the animal, three feet; body without scales or hair; silver grey above, whitish below like the human skin; no gills were observed, no fins on the back or belly; tail like that of a dog-fish; body very thick over the breast; by the eye the girth might be between two and three feet; the neck short, very distinct from the head and shoulders; the body rather depressed; the anterior extremities very like the human hand, about the length of a seal's paw, webbed to about an inch of the ends of the fingers; mammæ as large as those of a woman; mouth and lips very distinct, and resembling the human.

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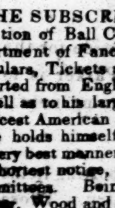

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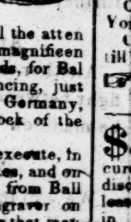

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IT CURES

Scrofula,	Tumors,	Bleeding of the Lungs,
Syphilis,	Consumption,	St. Vitus Dance,
Sores,	Rickets,	Salt Rheum,
Asthma,	Nodes,	Canker,
Bronchitis,	Fever Sores,	Rash,
Ulcers,	Erysipelas,	Tetters.

The above eighteen complaints R. R. Resolvent will positively cure.

It renovates the system completely, Resolving away from the Solids all impure Poisonous and Diseased Deposits, freeing the Blood and Fluids of Life from all corrupt humors, restoring Energy and Vigor, Health and Strength, to every Organ and Member of the body.

LETTERS FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.

Hon. J. J. Middleton, of Waccamaw, S. C. Writes under date of May 2d, 1853. That Radway's Renovating Resolvent cured one of his negroes, on his plantation at Beaufort, of a Scrofulous complaint, of many years standing. The poor fellow was a digusting object of pity, he was a moving mass of sores. The other negroes could not remain in the same place with him. None of the doctors could do anything for him. He was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent, and is now at work upon the plantation. To the people of S. C. Mr. Middleton is well known, and to the political world, Mr. Middleton is no stranger.

SCROFULA.

Mr. W. B. Oliver, of Drayton, Dooly Co. Ga under the date of May 30, 1853.—Writes, "that a servant girl who was so reduced that no one would give a trip for her life," she was so covered with sores, that there was not a spot of pure flesh of the size of a silver dollar on her whole body, was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent.

NINETEEN YEARS.

Mrs. Henderson, of Westford, Mass., has been covered with sores for nineteen years, has been cured by R. R. Resolvent.

SALT RHEUM.

The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman who supposed that this complaint was hereditary in his family, and had been afflicted with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the POISONOUS RHEUM ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.

IT REGENERATES

Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.

WEAKNESS

In Male or Female is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous and healthy. Impotence and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs, is quickly removed and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.

LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS

In WOMAN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly make the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY and DEPRESSED, feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY.

Persons wishing this Remedy will please ask for Radway's Renovating Resolvent. Its price is one Dollar per bottle. No small bottles, nor is the genuine ever sold for less. Each bottle bears the fac-simile signature of

RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York.

R. R. R. No. 3.

RADWAY'S REGULATORS.

REGULATES TO A HEALTHY ACTION

All the Organs and Secretions of the body, Restores to Health and Strength,

THE DISEASED AND WORN OUT PARTS.

COMPLAINTS THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS ENTIRELY CURE.

Costiveness,	Liver Complaint,
Indigestion,	Heart "
Dyspepsia,	Kidney "
Dropsy,	Bladder "
	Urethra "

DIFFICULTY OF PASSING URINE

Dizziness,	Inflammation of the Stomach,
Stupor,	Billiousness.

MELANCHOLY.

MALIGNANT DISORDERS.

Small Pox,	Measles,
Scarlet Fever,	Yellow Fever,
Bilious Pneumonia,	Typhoid Fever,

AND FEVER OF ALL KINDS.

Influenza,	Pleurisy,	Common Colds

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Irregularity,	Prolapsus Uteri,
Hysteria,	Womb Difficulties
Whites,	Amenorrhea,
LOSS OF APPETITE,	Loss of Memory,
Loss of Energy,	Loss of Strength,

R. R. REGULATORS

ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,

Perfectly Tasteless,	Never Sicken,
Good at all times,	Never Gripe.

DOSES,

ONE TO THREE—REGULATES.
FOUR TO SIX—PURGES.

One Regulator at Night, on going to bed, will ensure sound sleep, a Good Night's Rest, and a Healthy and Pleasant Discharge from the Bowels in the morning.

RADWAY'S REGULATORS, READY RELIEF, RENOVATING RESOLVENT ARE SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

RADWAY & CO.